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A.V.  
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**TUFTS**







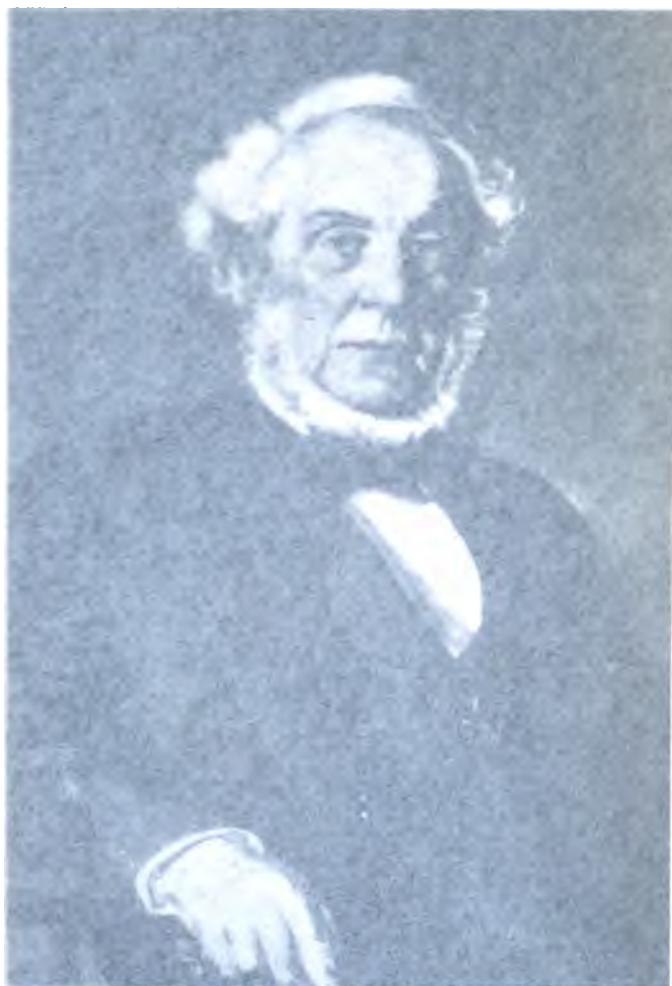
*James Lupton*

# JAMES TUFTS

## A MEMORIAL

EDITED BY  
JAMES HAYDEN TUFTS

EDITED FOR THE EDITOR BY  
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS  
1902



James Lupton

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TO MY FATHER'S FRIENDS  
IN  
GRATEFUL RECOGNITION

*R. Kalman 28 April 1944*



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## I.

### THE STOCK.

JAMES TUFTS was born in Wardsboro, Windham county, Vt., November 2, 1812. According to the records of the Wardsboro church, which were kept by his father, the pastor, he was baptized "James Browning Tufts." "James Browning" was the father of Margaret Browning, wife of William Tufts and grandmother of my father, and it was no doubt from him that the name was taken, but in the baptismal record the "Browning" is written in above the James Tufts, as if inserted later, and for some reason it was apparently never used. I can find no record of it in any other family documents, and I doubt whether my father ever knew that he had once possessed a middle name. At any rate, he habitually used the form James Tufts, Jr., so long as his father was living.

In seeking to understand the marked individuality, strength, positiveness of temperament, quaintness, and capacity for wide and varied friendships which appeared in the character we are to trace, it will be necessary to consider

briefly both the stock and the soil from which it sprang.

On his father's side James Tufts was wholly of Scotch-Irish blood; on his mother's, he came from Massachusetts families who for the most part came across from England in the decade 1630-40. The general character of the Scotch-Irish immigrants is well known, although New England saw few of them as compared with states farther south and west. The name "Tufts," as it was spelled by the immigrant, is quite probably of Norse origin, but whether it came with the Danish invaders of England or, as is more probable, with the Norwegians who harried the coast of Scotland and Ireland, is uncertain. A Tofi appears in the list of those who sailed for Britain from Iceland about A. D. 1000, and various spellings of this or a similar name appear among Scandinavians at the present day. The large frame and blue eyes which appeared often in the family would not, at any rate, belie a Norse descent. But the straight brows, large nose, strong lower jaw, and general ruggedness of outline and features, which belong to the older British races as contrasted with the softer, more regular and rounded outlines of the Anglo-



Saxon, were conspicuous in the family, and showed that the main strains of blood were from the Gaelic. The struggle for existence which accentuated certain traits of Celtic character did not cease when Saxon and Briton had fixed approximately their respective limits. The families of southwestern Scotland, crossing the channel back and forth, under economic, political, and religious pressure, or maintaining their faith and their homes amid frequent hardship or even persecution, were strengthening for centuries the ruggedness of character which accompanied the ruggedness of feature. Their religious convictions, sharpened by contrast with the Anglicanism of their Saxon neighbors, and later with the Roman Catholicism of Ireland, were held with great pertinacity, and could on occasion become the stern and intense faith of the Covenanters or the Cameronian. The Tufts's and Foote's may have been among the Presbyterian colonists located in Ulster under James I., although there is a tradition that they were forced to leave Scotland by the efforts of the English to compel conformity after the Restoration. At the opening of the century many of the Ulster colonists found their situa-

tion sufficiently uncomfortable to make them look longingly toward the new country. A few out of the many came to New England, settling Londonderry and Antrim in New Hampshire, Pelham and Rutland in Massachusetts. Among the emigrants who came about the decade 1725-35 were John Tufts, born 1704, and his wife, Agnes Foote, born 1707. Family tradition asserts that the parents of the young woman were averse to their daughter's leaving home for the new country, but apparently their objections were overcome, for her bridal portion came with her in a wedge of gold, and bought a fertile tract of meadow in the frontier settlement of Brookfield, Mass.

Brookfield had suffered severely in the Indian wars, and the settlers were mainly grouped on a hill (Foster's Hill) after the usual custom. A fort was standing near the spot where the young couple located their homestead, but apparently the house which John Tufts built, and which is still standing in a good state of preservation, was the first dwelling in that more exposed portion of the town.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> About half a mile east of the present village of West Brookfield.

Little is known of the family that lived in the old homestead except the names of the children who came into the home, grew to manhood and womanhood, and married—William, Thomas, Sarah, Anna, Mary, John, and Betty. In 1756 John, the immigrant, was enrolled in a Brookfield company which was probably enlisted for the expedition against Crown Point. The son, William Tuffs, marched August 9, 1756, to relieve Fort William Henry, and served in each of the three following years. The attachment of the family to their fellow-immigrants was shown by the fact that at least four of the children—William, Mary, Sarah, and Betty—married into Scotch-Irish families, in Rutland or Warren. John, the youngest son, remained upon the farm, and with him the father and mother until their deaths—"Agnes<sup>1</sup> Foote Tuffs," February 26, 1788; "Mr. John Tuffs," February 27, 1795, aged eighty-one and ninety-one, respectively. A living grand-daughter of John Tuffs II. relates that her mother recalled a vivid impression of the dignified old lady, who used to have her tea served in her own room,

<sup>1</sup> The stone in the old cemetery at West Brookfield reads "Agnus."

and was thereby invested in the minds of the children with much superiority, and who quoted Scripture passages in exceedingly broad Scotch.

William Tufts, my father's grandfather, showed military tendencies, as has already been stated. In the three campaigns of 1757, 1758, and 1759, about Lake Champlain, he must have acquired a considerable military experience. This was the school in which so many of the colonists gained their training for the struggle with England, and the campaigns about Lake Champlain, in which William Tufts participated, if not so brilliant as the expedition against Quebec, taught the colonists that English generals were not always remarkable for military ability.

Upon the 17th of November, 1763, the late soldier was married to Margaret, daughter of James and Elizabeth Browning, of Rutland. "Browning" is in form an English name, and the family was probably of the lowland Scotch — or perhaps of the English settlers in Ulster. The father and mother were received into the Rutland church from the parish of Ardstraw, Ireland, about ten miles from Londonderry. James, William, and John Browning were among

the Protestants who memorialized William and Mary from Enniskillen, which, like Londonderry, was a storm-center in 1688-89. James Browning, the immigrant, may have been a son of one of these. His oldest son was born "in garrison" in Rutland, 1723. Joseph, a brother of Margaret, married Sarah, a sister of William Tufts, and it is at least possible that the families may have been neighbors in the old country. Margaret was born December 10, 1731, and was thus six or seven years older than her husband. The young couple, with aid from the parents, bought a large tract in the adjoining town of New Braintree, on what is still known as Tufts' Hill. Here were born three sons, James (my father's father), September 30, 1764; William, and John. The family were apparently thrifty and prosperous, but nothing of interest is known concerning them until the outbreak of the Revolution called for the services of every citizen, and especially of those who had learned the lesson of war.

As has been shown by recent discussion, the Scotch were even more ready to separate from England than were the English colonists. For a thousand years their ancestry had been

engaged in a contest in which, in spite of occasional rallies under a Bruce or a Wallace, they had on the whole been crowded steadily to the wall by the Saxon. England's short-sighted selfishness and religious intolerance had driven out the Ulstermen. A similar commercial policy was again undertaken against the colonists, and the Scotch found an opportunity to fight upon more equal terms. William Tuffs (or Tufts, as the name appears on the state rolls) was commissioned by the council May 31, 1776, as first lieutenant in Thomas Whipple's company. An entry of uncertain meaning appears on a return dated August 17, 1776, "showing that Lieut. Wm. Tufts willingly complies with orders to march but declines taking his commission until further orders." He later appears as second, and then as first, lieutenant of Captain Ezekiel Knowlton's company, Colonel Dyke's regiment, and served for three years or more, dying October 13, 1783, in his forty-sixth year, of "camp disease," presumably contracted in his army life. It is probably on account of his commission that in the power of attorney given by the widow to her husband's brother John we read, estate of "William Tuffs, Gentleman,"

and then read, "John Tuffs Yeoman." The widow Margaret makes her mark, instead of signing her name, in this document. She was, however, without doubt a capable woman and ambitious for the future of her sons; else we should not find the eldest a year later making his way to Leicester Academy<sup>1</sup> and then in 1785 to Providence College,<sup>1</sup> and supported through his course by the farm at home. His journeys were made on the family mare, and from letters written to him by his brother it may be inferred that many of the farm products, including butter and flour, found a market in Providence.

During all his college course the family letters are addressed to him as James Tuffs, but his name was printed in the catalogue as Tufts, so it seems probable the change in spelling was made at about this time. Soon after graduation, in 1789, my grandfather began a diary which he kept for two years, and the first page seems worth transcribing, notwithstanding other accounts of traveling in that day. The orthography occasionally suggests that the day of the spelling school was not yet: "Dec. 7.

<sup>1</sup> He was in Leicester; it is not certain that he attended the academy, which opened that year.

Set out from home on my way to Providence, where I received encouragement for a school in Jersey, waited there for a passage to York until the 17th Dec. when I went aboard of Capt. Brown's Packet, came to Newport the same day with a fair wind, and on the 18th sailed to Newlondon, a flourishing Town situated on the River Thames. Tarried there two days by reason of the winds being contrary. On the 21st set out for New York, arrived there in three days, paid Thirty nine shillings for my passage. Set out from N. York on the 25th after meeting with a considerable loss, came to Philadelphia in the stage, tarried in the City that Night and nixt day, on the 26th set sail in Capt. Bowen's vessel for —. Was four days on the water, the wind being ahead."

The winter and spring were spent in, teaching in Bowentown and Greenwich, with no important incident except the "mezels." He apparently had success in his work, but he was evidently considering plans for the future, and on May 22 writes: "Feel some uneasy as to my situation and employment in this place &c. May God direct me to choose that profession and calling which shall be most for his



glory, for which end I desire to live." "Sunday, May 23d. Went to meeting, but there was no one preaching; saw the great need of faithful minnisters." Quite probably this may have suggested forcibly his future life-work. At any rate, we find the next entry but one dated at Providence, where he arrived July 22: "On 23d I concluded to go to Franklin and study divinity with Mr. Emmons, which was my principle end in leaving the Jerseys, being convinced that it was my duty to employ my time in that way which should be most likely to glorify God, and do the greatest good to mankind, without any particular regard to my worldly interest." "I came to Mr. Emmons on the same day and agreed to study with him." "Sat. 31 of July. Finished the reading of Mr. Edwards' treatise on God's last end in creating the world."

Of the intellectual and theological atmosphere which the young student would find in the Franklin parsonage there will be mention in the next chapter. Unfortunately the diary has no further entries until May 9, the following spring, when he "set out from home to go to Saratoga Springs for my health; felt feeble and dubious whether I should be able to per-

form the journey." What the malady was is not stated, except that there is mention of a "pain in the breast." At Saratoga he found people "of almost all denominations and disorders." "Never was I at a place where there was such a number of disordered persons, many of them in great distress, which was very melancholy." The water, however, proved beneficial, and he "felt some melting of heart toward God, that he had through his blessing brought me hither, and that there was a prospect of my getting help." Three weeks were spent there in a family "more agreeable than I expected to find in that country," and then, after recording the journey home, the diary closes with brief notices of a license to preach and of sundry services conducted.

In 1795 my grandfather received a call to become pastor of the church in Leicester, Mass., and also a call to the newly organized settlement of Wardsboro, Vt. The latter was accepted, and on November 4, 1795, the ordination took place upon the doorstep of a settler's house, the Rev Nathaniel Emmons making a three-days' journey on horseback to preach the ordaining sermon for his former pupil, from the text, "I seek not yours but

you." The first minister of the town was, as such, entitled to a tract of land set apart by the first proprietors, but this proved to be of little value. Fortunately the young minister was able to bring some money with him. With this he bought one hundred and sixty acres in the center of the town, and built him a house facing the common, and adjacent to the site of the meeting-house. For a time the house was shared with the village doctor, also a bachelor, but in 1807 the minister was married to Submit Flagg Hayden, of Grafton, Mass., and the minister's house, serving also as post-office for three towns, became one of the centers of the life of the town.

The minister's wife, my father's mother, bore one of the most striking of those names by which our Puritan ancestors were wont to differentiate the feminine from the masculine virtues. I have seen no record that "Submit" has ever been used as a man's name. Apparently, however, she did not feel hopelessly handicapped thereby, for she was a very active and positive force in the household, with a keenness, alertness, and vivacity which formed a fitting counterpart to the solidity, massiveness, and dignity of the minister.

Submit Flagg Hayden was born in Grafton, Mass., April 18, 1777. She was the daughter of Daniel Hayden and Submit Flagg, who later moved to Berlin, Vt., where they died aged ninety-three and ninety-four. Her father was fifth in descent from the immigrant John Hayden, who received a grant in Dorchester in 1632. Edmond Goodenow (the "Confidence," 1638), Jonathan Fairbanks (Boston, 1633, a pioneer of Dedham), and William Ames (Braintree, 1641) were other ancestors. Her mother was daughter of Eleazer and Huldah (Chandler) Flagg, proprietors of Grafton. Eleazer, born in Concord, was the third of that name in direct descent from Thomas Flagg, who came to Watertown in 1637.

Some mutual friend who recognized the needs of the Wardsboro situation made my grandparents acquainted, and they were married February 2, 1807, making the journey from Grafton to Wardsboro in a sleigh. Six children were born into the home—Submit Flagg, Eliza, Nancy, James, John, and Fanny—all of whom grew to maturity and left families of their own. Except for occasional exchanges, or rare journeys of a longer sort, the father never left the home upon the green of

Wardsboro Hill. He was laid to rest among the people to whom he had ministered as active pastor for forty-one years; and as spiritual father and friend until his death. This was caused by a gall stone, August 11, 1841. The mother remained in the parsonage at first with her son John, and, after his departure for the West, with Mr. Barrett, who bought the farm, until 1864. Then, with much regret, she left the home of fifty-seven years, and spent the last years of her long life with her daughter Nancy (Mrs. Marshall Newton), of Newfane. She died August 22, 1870, at the age of ninety-three.

### III.

#### BIRTHPLACE AND EARLY HOME.

"I LOOK back a great deal to my life in Wardsboro, and I should like to go there once more, but I probably shall never go to Vermont again." So my father wrote the November before he died. The memories of his native town; of his father and mother; of the church and its deacons; of the farm life and school days; of the trainings and musters; of the protracted meetings and revivals; of the boys and girls who grew up and went out; of the sunrises and sunsets; of the cool breezes and clear skies in summer and the deep snows in winter; of the neighboring ministers who came on exchanges and brought news of surrounding towns; of the quaint and original characters which were to be found in a town of pioneers; of the deep seriousness of the New England religious experiences—all these remained clear and vivid, though doubtless idealized by the fifty years which had passed since he had ceased to call Wardsboro home, and the seventy years since he had left the town for school. No one who heard him re-



THE PARSONAGE AT WARDSEGO.

### III.

#### DEER PLACE AND EARLY HOME.

"I look back a great deal to my life in Wardsboro, and I should like to go there once more, but I probably shall never go to Wardsboro again." So my father wrote the November before he died. The memories of his native town; of his father and mother; of the church and its deacons; of the farm life and school days; of the trainings and musters; of the protracted meetings and revivals; of the young men and girls who grew up and went out; of the marriages and funerals; of the cool breezes and clear skies in summer and the deep snows and winter, of the neighboring ministers who came on exchanges and brought news of surrounding towns; of the quaint and original characters which were to be found in a town of pioneers; of the deep seriousness of the New England religious experiences—all these remained clear and vivid, though doubtless somewhat dimmed by the fifty years which had passed since he had ceased to call Wardsboro home, and the seventy years since he had left the town for school. No one who heard him re-





THE PARSONAGE AT WARDSBORO.



call these memories, and who noted the value that he attached to them, could doubt that the early experiences had determined to an unusual degree the permanent bent of his character. School, college, and seminary, reading, study, and conversation, enlarged his ideas and brought new material, but the parts of this which he valued, and the aspects of it which he incorporated into his own structure, were decided largely by the early influences. His religious experiences found most natural expression in the language of the early days, and some of the democratic spirit which made him want to know everyone, and which led him to make acquaintance with his seatmate on the train or his neighbor at a public gathering, was fostered, if not created, by the life of his early years.

Wardsboro, rising high on the eastern slope of the Green Mountains, commanding a magnificent prospect over the surrounding country, had a fertile soil, in spite of its rocks and hills. It was settled at about the close of the revolutionary war by an intelligent and energetic class of young men, many of them soldiers, and it may have been partly due to this that in my father's boyhood not only the usual infantry

company had its training days, but a company of cavalry and one of artillery were recruited in part from the town. At the time of my father's birth the town had reached its maximum population of about 1,150, and this was maintained approximately until about the time of the Civil War. Since then it has declined in actual numbers, and far more in relative standing in the county. For in the earlier days the men of the town were not those who had been left behind in the movement to the city. They were those who had struck out for themselves. The energy and enterprise which had led them to clear the forests, to build homes and church and schools upon the hillsides, had been further developed by the greatest force on earth for the purpose—the opportunities and responsibilities of a new soil, and of free political and religious institutions. The aristocracy which lingered in the older settlements of New England found less and less of support with each migration westward. Even the dignity of the minister, the doctor, and the squire was far from that which prevailed in older communities. The atmosphere of the town was decidedly democratic, and my father breathed in the democracy.

Another marked characteristic of the New England mind, which came to the fore in many guises, was the control of life by principles, or by motives other than the inclinations. It fell in with this natural bent when the Puritan was taught that man's chief end is to be found in God's glory, not in his own development, or even in his own salvation. But, even apart from its theological or definitely ethical aspects, the tendency showed itself in the attitude that, if a thing was to be done, it should be done without regard to feelings, and without temporizing or seeking for possible alleviation of unpleasant features. One of the Wardsboro settlers was on his deathbed, and, to relieve faintness, someone held a camphor bottle to his nostrils. But if dying was the thing which was to be done, the patient wanted no temporizing, and so he brushed aside the hindrance with the exclamation: "No, no; I shall never die so!"

It was, however, the religious life which was the dominant interest in my grandfather's household, and to a considerable degree in the town. The church services were, of course, the most important event in the week. Practically all the families of the town climbed

the hill, Sunday morning. At noon the women went over to the parsonage, sat around the great fireplace, took down pipes from their places around the chimney—on one occasion my fun-loving uncle bored holes and screwed the pipes to the wall, greatly to the mystification of the good ladies when they attempted to take them down—and after a genial smoke replenished their foot-stoves, and returned to hear the subject of the morning continued with an "Improvement." Parenthetically it may be said that the services at Wardsboro were by no means so long as was often the custom, especially at an earlier date. The sermons could scarcely have averaged much over half an hour, to judge from the manuscripts. The prayers, however, were undoubtedly comprehensive, and in the days before stoves were introduced the effort to include all the phases of experience must often have placed a strain upon the piety of the hearer. On an exceptionally cold day one of my grandfather's shivering parishioners remarked ruefully on coming out of meeting: "There were two or three places in that prayer where the parson might have stopped just as well as not." The respectable men of the town, if not active members of the

church, were at least regular attendants upon its services. "Protracted meetings" and revivals from time to time increased the influence of religion upon the general life of the community.

The religious life of the town, as it appears, not only in the sermons of the time, but in my grandfather's and father's diaries, and in the "Relations" (of religious experience) presented by candidates for admission to the Wardsboro church, combined two elements which seem at first sight difficult to reconcile. On the one hand, there was a strongly intellectual element in the theology and preaching. The Puritan's abstinence from any open expression of affection or emotional life, in the family or elsewhere, governed also the external religious manifestations. On the other hand, the content of religious experience seemed to be placed almost entirely in feelings and emotions. The Christian seemed to attach chief importance to his "warmth" or "coldness," his "brightness" or "darkness," his "sensibility" or his "sloth" and "languor."

The prevailingly intellectual interest appears very strongly in the published sermons of Nathaniel Emmons, with whom my grandfather studied theology. The doctrines of

sovereignty, sin, grace, election, and reprobation were analyzed and defined with the acuteness of an able metaphysician, but it would be difficult to point out a passage which voices the aspiration or sympathy, the struggle or confidence, of a human heart. The sermons preached on Wardsboro Hill had no such power of analysis, or relentless audacity of logic, or subtlety in distinctions, as marked those of Mr. Emmons, but the method was largely the same. Even when dealing with the most serious themes, a sort of impersonal and objective attitude is maintained. The pronouns "I" and "you" do not occur. This impersonal and objective mode of considering the fate of sinners doubtless has not merely the scientific interest which prompted Spinoza to a similar treatment of human actions and desires; it has also a psychological justification. It is as if the preacher, while cherishing no scruples against the free use of the term "sinners," and counting it his duty to declare boldly and repeatedly the future punishment of the wicked, yet refused to touch the veil of reserve which no man can tear from his fellow's personality, if he is to meet him on terms of mutual respect thereafter.



If now we try to explain how this intellectual treatment of Christianity and such a reserved, impersonal attitude could comport with the emotional type of piety which manifests itself in the diary or personal correspondence, we may find some suggestions in two considerations. First, the general fact that there was little place accorded to emotional expression in any of the other fields—art, music, family affection—had a certain tendency to check emotional expression, or to turn it inward and make it seek relief in connection with the religious imagery. A more specific theological reason is found in the fact that a prominent theme of preaching and religious experience was the salvation of the soul. Seldom, if ever, has “salvation” been conceived in so individual and subjective a sense. One of my grandfather’s sermons, which he preached at several funerals in the group of towns that constituted the larger parish of the senior minister of the county, was from the text: “I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day.” The “work,” and the only work, referred to in the sermon is the work of preparing for death. A third factor which co-operated with the two just named was the psychology, common to

nearly all the theology of the time, in which feelings or "affections" were identified with the will, under the common term "heart." It is, of course, perfectly true that adoption of a great principle or cause, followed by steadfast fidelity at the cost of struggle and sacrifice, will enlist the sympathies and afford the basis for enthusiasm and emotional response, especially under the influence of social sympathy or of musical and other artistic conditions. In the soul, which, after a crisis of baffling perplexity as to truth or conduct, flings itself in single-hearted faith upon some person or principle of action, or which engages with absorbing interest in objective tasks, the emotional accompaniment of love is normal. But to attempt to get the emotional condition by itself was abnormal. The average New Englander had no genuine personal crisis growing out of real difficulties in either his view of the world or his course of life. The Christian view of the world was generally accepted as a matter of course.

There was, however, one exception to this. The doctrines of divine sovereignty in the baldest form, and especially of "reprobation," were not so generally accepted without a strug-

gle. There was therefore a genuine psychological reason for holding that it was well to emphasize these doctrines in preparation for special religious interest. They brought the hearer to a consciousness of opposition between his natural feelings and the supposed divine law. As Emmons puts it: "There is no divine truth which is more directly suited to discover the hearts of sinners to themselves than the doctrine of reprobation: It never fails to awaken their native enmity to the divine character." Where this conflict was not aroused the feeling of "conviction of sin," in the case of children or of those whose lives had been moral, was related almost entirely to the inner feelings. If, as was believed, the "heart" is "totally depraved," and if the actual choices or purposes could not be fairly said to be a continuous series of wicked acts, the depravity was naturally sought in the affections. The young girl in the Wardsboro minister's household, who felt that her "whole life had been one continued scene of wickedness," undoubtedly referred almost entirely to her supposed want of ardent affection for God. The diaries and letters that bewail wickedness seem in like manner to refer to the "languor"

or "inconstancy" of their "holy exercises." The great use made of Solomon's Song in interpreting religious experience was in accord with the other tendencies noticed. The religious imagination, seeking for some means of raising its emotional level, cut off largely from finding in daily duties a genuine religious work, found a congenial imagery in the beautiful love poem.

As has been intimated in the last sentence, the religious life and feeling of the period did not assume the form of showing men the moral and spiritual value of their daily work and common relations, as husbands and wives, fathers and children, neighbors and citizens. I cannot discover in any of my grandfather's sermons any allusion which would in any respect enable one to judge whether they were preached in the first or the nineteenth century, in Vermont or in Palestine. Every illustration is drawn from the Scriptures, every image is that of the biblical writers. The religious life was lived largely in a world by itself. It was, in a sense, too sacred a stream to mingle its waters with the currents of daily life.

And yet it would be a shallow appreciation that should stop with the abstractness,

the separateness, the unduly intellectual and emotional elements in the religious life of my father's native town. These were, after all, the "defects of its qualities." The very separateness of the religious experience fixed attention on its reality and its importance. The "other world" with its transcendent values gave a tremendous significance, even if with distorted emphasis, to the life of preparation. The mind which on the Sabbath had looked upon life *sub specie aeternitatis*—from the point of view of eternity—was gaining a larger grasp than the mind which lives only in the moment. To enter into the scope of the supposed divine plan for the world, even if the plan were rather narrowly conceived, was yet to measure one's self up against the universe, and to experience something of the broadening of capacity and elevation of soul which find expression in the meditations of Plato or of Augustine, of Spinoza or of Edwards. To look upon God's glory as the chief end, and upon the supreme love of God as the highest blessedness of humanity, was to set up a strong counter-influence against pettiness and selfishness. To make the salvation of souls the aim of life, even if the "soul" was considered abstractly,

and failed to include a large part of the human character, sympathies, joys, and aspirations, was yet, after all, to give a motive higher than economic gain or sensuous enjoyment. It was democratic, for it gave dignity and worth to every life. And to do justice to the minister who has been quoted above in another connection, I will reproduce a passage from the sermon which Mr. Emmons preached at my grandfather's ordination—a passage which seems to me to express what was felt more or less consciously in that far-away life of Wardsboro Hill. The text was, "I seek not yours but you," and the preacher continued: "To desire the salvation of souls is to desire their future and eternal good. This great and extensive desire, therefore, must naturally lead the minds of ministers to view their people in the light of eternity. And this view of their people must necessarily raise them all to a level. I do not say, sink them to a level, but raise them to a level; because it always raises men, even the smallest and lowest men, to view them in relation to eternity. In this view all souls are equal. The soul of the child is equal to the soul of the parent; the soul of the subject is equal to the soul of the ruler;

the soul of the servant is equal to the soul of the master; and the soul of the poor is equal to the soul of the rich. Eternity levels all distinctions and raises all immortal souls into infinite importance."

This sketch is not intended as a history of theology, but I think it is impossible to appreciate all sides of my father's character—the side which appeared in his letters and diaries, as well as the side which appeared in his few sermons and his talks upon religious subjects—without recalling the religious atmosphere of his early years.

The town was of course not wholly absorbed by its religious experiences. There were trainings and town-meetings, day schools, spelling schools, and singing schools, ball games and quoits on the green, and the never-failing interests of farm and family life. The minister's children shared in all these as actors or spectators. Thanksgiving, Fourth of July, and Fast were the great days—aside from "Training"—but the minister's household never knew when Christmas came, and Easter would doubtless have been looked upon as an adjunct of popery.

Of the life in the minister's household, as well as of the character of the minister—"Priest Tufts," as he was called through all the county—my father has given some suggestions which I have supplemented by my mother's recollections: "For over forty years Mr. Tufts's house was regarded as a hospitable house for good people, and especially for ministers, who often remained there many days.

"Mr. Tufts was six feet in height, with a large frame, dark eyes and complexion, heavy, overhanging brows, long massive face, a strong, heavy voice, a slow, measured, and positive gait. He had a solemn, earnest manner that commanded attention, and was especially impressive and appropriate at funerals. His sermons were not brilliant, but methodical, biblical, earnest, and impressive, closing with an 'Improvement' or 'Reflections,' mostly extemporaneous, which were pertinent, often eloquent, always solemn, and not easily forgotten. From about twenty years after his settlement to the time when it was thought desirable to have a colleague I do not recollect ever hearing any suggestion made of any change. As I look back upon his long minis-



try of forty-two years, and upon those of the others in the county who had long pastorates, I am satisfied they were all men of good judgment, good sense, exemplary piety, and considerable resource, though none of them brilliant. The brilliant men, as I remember, never stayed long in a place.

"For some twenty-five years the post-office was kept in our house. The salary was ten dollars a year, but the chief benefit came in the extra reading it afforded. This made it gratifying to us children, though it added much to the duties of the minister's wife, as not only were the duties of the office to be attended to, but, inasmuch as it was the post-office for three towns, many long letters were to be read to those receiving them. Letters containing tidings of death called for pastoral sympathy, and Mr. Tufts always invited all who delayed to stay to dinner or tea—of course never thinking, as his wife remarked, that it made any work for the housekeeper.

"Exchanges with neighboring ministers were common, especially in the summer and fall months, and we boys—my brother and I—soon associated the horses with the ministers themselves, some always having plump horses,

others lean and poor, and one always a gay and handsome horse. The ministers in association voted not to go and come on the Sabbath when exchanging pulpits, unless in case of sickness in the family. But the minister's family and the people always looked forward to an exchange as an event of interest. It broke the monotony of life in those quiet times. The ministers, too, would bring the news of the surrounding towns." As indicating the extent of the hospitality practiced at the parsonage, my grandmother wrote: "I had the pleasure of forming an acquaintance with seventy-one ministers' wives, all at our own home, with two or three exceptions, and with probably more than double that number of ministers"—a breadth of acquaintanceship which would bear comparison with that of most households of today.

Of the wife and mother of the household my father has left this sketch:

"During the war of the Revolution and immediately after, till the Constitution was adopted in 1789, money was so scarce that the common schools were a good deal broken up or suspended, or kept only a short time each year. Parents taught their own children more

or less, and the clergymen had some pupils, especially young teachers, for a short time. My mother, who commenced teaching at fifteen, in 1792, often remarked she never attended school over two years, and three months of that was with Dr. Crane, of Northbridge, who taught many pupils in his family. But she had an acute, strong mind, retentive memory, was quick to learn, and was regarded as a well-educated woman during her life. She had also the reputation, in her native town of Grafton, of a superior teacher, receiving at first fifty cents a week, and more each year, to one dollar and fifty cents a week, when, as she remarked, she was 'ashamed to ask any more, as no other teacher in town received over a dollar a week.' She was a born teacher, with a natural gift to preserve order, inspire enthusiasm, and interest her pupils. When the new methods of teaching came around, in the time of Horace Mann, she often remarked she had used 'the same methods in her schools long before.' She always instructed her own six children so as to keep them in advance of scholars of their age. She was familiar with grammar and arithmetic, so as to assist pupils in those studies till she was over eighty years

of age. When Colburn's arithmetic came out, which was at first quite a puzzle to most teachers, she would go through readily all the examples at sight, and explain them intelligently. She was proficient in technical grammar, or 'parsing,' as it was called, in Young's *Night Thoughts* and Pope's *Essay*, when to parse well such authors and interpret them required real scholarship. She understood well the history of the country, and the theological questions of the day. If her husband was to print a sermon or anything else, she was the one to look it over and see that the grammar and orthography were correct. If her husband had pupils, as he sometimes had, she did most of the instruction, and was always a great assistance to the young teachers and the young ladies in the parish."

A reminiscence of my father's adds another sidelight. The minister was very generous, while the minister's wife, with a large family to provide for upon the salary of \$266.66, was naturally careful, and was often sorely puzzled to understand the rapid lowering of the beef in the barrel, from which my grandfather had taken supplies surreptitiously for the needy members of his parish.

The books in the household were, of course, mainly theological; Hopkins's *System*, Emmons's *Sermons*, Dwight's *Theology*, Jamieson's *Sacred History*, Austin's *View of the Church*, Adams's *View of Religion*, Faber's *View of the Prophecies*, The Confession of Faith of the Church of Scotland, were the more important. Kaimes's *Elements of Criticism* was about the only secular work. There was a public library kept in the house for some time, but probably light literature did not abound in that.

My father's boyhood had not many striking incidents. A rather delicate infant—"one of the four feeblest I ever knew raised," his mother wrote—he grew strong and vigorous in the clear, bracing Vermont air, and with the healthful outdoor life upon the farm. His only serious sickness in his early years occurred in June of his fifth year. It was a severe attack of scarlet fever and "canker rash." "You ought not to want the child to get well," said the blunt Dr. Wheeler, "for if he does he'll be deaf and dumb." A blister was applied to the back of the neck, but it gangrened. His mother wrote: "We steamed him a great

deal; got two large bullfrogs and held them alternately at his mouth." Just what therapeutic value was attributed to bullfrogs by the professional or lay theory of the time I am unable to say, but by the aid of, or in spite of, all the patient recovered. He never had the unusual degree of strength which belonged to his brother John, but he was an athletic, quick, energetic boy, and the strength and endurance which he gained upon the farm and in tramping about the hills stood him in good stead for the long walks which he took in after-years.

One who knew him as a boy writes: "He always stood well in character and intelligence, just quaint enough to be interesting."

Of his early teachers I have never heard him speak, but in the autumn of 1829, when seventeen, he attended a "select school" in the neighboring village of Townshend, taught by Mr. B. F. Foster, a recent graduate of Amherst College, who "proved a very superior instructor." Some of the older scholars studied Brown's *Intellectual Philosophy*. My father boarded with Deacon Owen for one dollar per week. "It may seem to some," my father wrote fifty years later, "that the teaching fifty years ago would, of course, be shallow and unsatisfactory; but,

from my recollection, the English branches were taught substantially in manner and method as they have been since. Such instruction as Mr. Foster then gave in the school would now, I think, be regarded by intelligent people as good instruction."

At the close of this school my father made his first venture as a teacher. He did not pass through the usual progressive series, beginning with a small school in the summer, and thus acquiring confidence for the large winter schools, when the young men and women, as well as the boys and girls, were in attendance, and likely to make trouble for the teacher. He took his first plunge with a winter school of fifty-five, at Wardsboro "City" in the winter of 1829-30.

"The school committee had been disappointed in the teacher engaged, and they were willing to risk me. The winter schools were usually taught by mature men and experienced teachers, and were not easily governed, so that my sisters rather discouraged my undertaking so large a school. But I was strong, ambitious, and enthusiastic, and did not have the least fear of any trouble—though it is now a wonder to me how I got along so well, igno-

rant and inexperienced as I was. I soon interested the older pupils in their studies, so they made no trouble, and I succeeded in waking up the younger scholars, so that all things went along smoothly, and I taught a much better school there the next winter. I procured the first blackboard ever used in this school, and I had the pupils draw maps. I also got a carpenter to turn me out a six-inch globe — on which my sister painted the continents — which I used. Many other little improvements, which came from Horace Mann, of Massachusetts, I somehow caught and introduced. At the close of the school the pupils showed so much enthusiasm and life and real progress that there was great gratification among the parents."

This first success was followed by others, and by an increase of salary. "I received \$11 per month for my first school, and 'boarded around,' \$12 the next winter, and \$16 the third winter (in a school of seventy-two pupils at Jamaica, Vt.), which was about as much as the best teachers of winter schools in the country then received in Vermont." The intervals between these schools were spent in work upon the farm, or, in the summer of 1832, at



school in Montpelier. Here he lived with his mother's parents, who had a farm in Berlin, adjoining Montpelier.

Meanwhile an event had occurred which influenced him to broaden his plans, which hitherto had not looked very definitely toward any professional career. As a child he had, of course, lived in a religious atmosphere, but in those days it was not supposed that a child, however nurtured, could become a member of the household of faith without a decided crisis, involving a certain definite period of conviction of sin, followed by absolute submission to divine sovereignty, and then, after a time, by an experience of more or less confident joy, when the penitent "indulged a hope" of pardon for sin. What the philosopher Hegel has called the "power of the negative" was never more practically applied, and there is no doubt that the tremendous emphasis upon the antithesis between sin and penitence, between darkness and light, produced strong and decided characters. It was therefore assumed in my grandfather's family that the children were unregenerate, and an outburst of youthful desperation on my father's part when he was about seven years old was regarded as

a confirmation of the doctrine. My grandmother wrote the story in the third person. "It happened that a mother was trying to instruct a son; she tried to persuade him to do right, and told him the consequences of being wicked. He replied with a sigh, 'I wish that bad was good, and good was bad'—a true representation of every unrenewed heart."

It was in connection with a four-days' "protracted meeting" in June, 1832, that my father passed through the experience from which he dated his Christian life. The Rev. Alberoni Kidder, of Eau Claire, Wis., who was a boy with my father, writes concerning the event: "It was a revival of great power, when most of the young people of the town became interested. James and John Tufts, Samuel Kidder, and I were of the converts. Your grandfather was of the strictest sect, a Calvinistic predestinarian, and made that doctrine very prominent in his preaching; asked his converts on uniting with the church if they were willing to be lost if it was God's will; yet under his ministry many noble Christian men and women were trained for useful lives in the church. He warned us all of the danger of deceiving ourselves."

On November 20, 1831, my father, with thirty-four others, was received into church membership. Twenty-five others, including John and Fanny Tufts, were received at later times within the year. The church now reached its high-water mark with a membership of 148, and a deep impression was made upon the life of the town. For my father it meant further study, with a possibility, at least, of the ministry as a profession. He had already dipped into Latin and Greek at Montpelier. A minister who made a somewhat extended visit at the parsonage had given him some instruction. But, fortunately, at just this time a new school was opened which offered stimulus and opportunity for college preparation. This was Burr Seminary, at Manchester, to the northwest from Wardsboro about twenty-five miles, and upon the "other side of the mountain." With a consciousness of powers which, if untrained, were yet urging toward development, with great physical vigor, and with eager anticipations of the untried fields before him, James Tufts, at the age of twenty, entered upon the new chapter of his life.

### III.

#### STUDY, FAILURE OF HEALTH, AND EARLY ATTEMPTS TO WORK.

BURR SEMINARY was opened for instruction May 15, 1833, with the Rev. Lyman Coleman as principal, a scholarly man of fine character, for whom my father always cherished a great respect. It was the plan that the students should partially support themselves by manual labor, but there was difficulty in finding remunerative work. Some chopped cord-wood at  $37\frac{1}{2}$  cents per cord; one worked in the potato field and realized 72 cents during the term. My father worked about two hours a day in a cooper shop provided by the seminary, and learned to make pails, but I cannot say how much he received. The students were recommended "to dispense as far as possible with tea and coffee, and adopt for the most part a vegetable diet." From a letter which says, "It is thought our board will not be over one dollar per week," it may be presumed that the recommendation was carried out in the commons. Prayers were conducted in the morning at half-past four o'clock in summer

and at five in winter. A fellow-student, Mr. T. K. Wright, has given some reminiscences of the early days, under date of September, 1901 :

“Sixty-eight years ago last May a large number of men and boys came together for the first time at Burr Seminary. Their ages ranged from twelve to twenty years. Prominent among them all stood James Tufts. In scholarship, Christian character, and manliness he was reckoned among the first. In exhibitions, rhetorical or oratorical exercises, he was always assigned a prominent part. In short, he was a young man whose influence among other young men was uniformly good. From his beginning at Burr Seminary, even to the time of his death, the testimony of his fellow-men respecting him would be that he had been a useful member of society, a man of ability, of integrity, and of uprightness. I feel his loss, for he was a genuine good friend.”

My father remained at Manchester as student and then as teacher until November, 1835. He kept a diary during this period which indicates much concern for his religious life. But there are indications that the quaint, practical

good sense, which was later so marked a characteristic, did not attribute all languor of the religious emotions directly to perversity of heart, for we find him proposing as a question for consideration at the Saturday evening meeting, "The guilt of indulging the appetite so as to render it impossible to keep awake in meeting." The questions proposed by others at the same meeting were: "Why is the number seven used oftener than any other?" and, "Will this earth be burned up at the last day?" Of greater interest are entries like the following: "Begin to feel more and more the obligation to preach to the heathen. Ought I to go?"

At vacation time my father usually walked home, *e. g.*: "December 3. Arose at two this morning. Studied about two hours and started for home on foot at half-past five. Took dinner at Torrey's; arrived home about six." The summer vacation of 1834 was varied by a trip with his father to New Braintree, his father's birthplace. They passed through Amherst and attended the commencement exercises, which began at 9 A. M., and "continued five hours without intermission." It indicates a mind and body less susceptible to

fatigue under oratorical efforts than is common at the present day, that the exercises are called "interesting."

During the year 1834-35 my father, as previously stated, taught the English department at Burr Seminary. He also carried on the studies of the freshman year of college, and expected to enter Yale in the autumn of 1835. The studies of freshman year at that time would correspond very nearly to those of the fourth year of a good high school today. In Latin, Livy and Horace were read, which are now usually college subjects, but, on the other hand, geometry was not completed in freshman year, and there was no requirement in physics or modern language. Just before the close of what my father had regarded as his last term of teaching in Manchester, it was decided that he should remain for the autumn. "August 23, 1835. Have been much cast down the past week on learning that I must go to teaching again." The principal was very anxious to have him stay, and this, combined with the financial pressure, finally prevailed. It was therefore December 2 when he arrived in New Haven, took his examinations upon the studies of freshman year and of the first term

of sophomore year, and after several days of lonesomeness settled down to work.

His college course was cut short, not only at the beginning, but also at the end. For in the spring of senior year he felt obliged to undertake a school in order to pay the bills for which neither his previous savings nor his father's resources were sufficient. He always felt that he did not have a fair start as compared with some of his classmates, and for some time had to work very hard. In June, however, he writes home: "I find it quite easy to keep up, when I am on fair footing." He practiced the maxim, which he used so often in his later teaching, "Be sure and *review* thoroughly," and, although he did not rank among the first ten, he was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society and was assigned a dissertation at graduation. In writing and speaking he early took a leading position. One of his treasured possessions was a copy of Shakspeare, "presented by the president and fellows of Yale College, April, 1836, for excellence in composition." His prominence in speaking was indicated by his election as a senior to the presidency of the Linonian Society, a position then regarded as one of the most honorable in



college. Among the men whom he encountered in the debates of Linonia was the late William M. Evarts, who was in the class of 1837. He was much younger than my father, but already showed the power of masterly analysis and statement which made him so eminent later; and the last article which my father published was a short reminiscence of Mr. Evarts. The curriculum of those days was confined almost exclusively to Latin, Greek, and mathematics until senior year, when logic, rhetoric, Stewart's *Philosophy of the Mind*, and Paley's *Moral Philosophy* were pursued. The instruction in these latter subjects was not very stimulating. Acquaintance with the history of thought, or ability to discover and state the problems of the world and of life in such a way as to awaken thought, were not regarded as indispensable. There was, however, one man in the college of real philosophical ability and of great personal power—Dr. Nathaniel W. Taylor, professor of theology. Although not accepting those points of doctrine in which Dr. Taylor differed from the older theology, and rejecting utterly the theory that "happiness" is the end and motive of all action, my father was nevertheless greatly impressed by

his preaching, and stimulated by his original mind to grapple with many philosophical problems. "It shows a taste for those [philosophical] studies, that, although nothing was said about Hobbes in college, I got his treatises and read a good deal in them." Locke, Hume, Reid, and others were read in this or the following year, and conversation or debate with his friends fixed the salient points. For then, as afterward, his mind worked best under the stimulus of conversation or of preparation for public utterance, and the friends of his own class or of other classes were a very important part of his course.

One of these friends, with whom he maintained a lifelong interchange of thought and sentiment, Judge H. P. Hedges, of Bridgehampton, Long Island, contributes the following respecting their college life :

"Your father and myself entered Yale College in the sophomore year. He was a hard worker in college, fond of study, of debate ; a good writer, deep thinker, and forcible speaker. Even at that early day he had that hoarseness of voice that followed him through life, born of some bronchial malady. In spite of that, he was so eminently known to be an excellent

speaker that at a Whig political meeting, I think in our junior year in New Haven, where practiced and reputable speakers had declaimed, the students called so loud and long and universally that, without premeditation, he rose and made an excellent and appropriate address, closing with an allusion to the Green Mountains of his native state as the birthplace of freedom here (as mountains were everywhere); and, if Liberty died off the earth, she would die there last. When he closed, the plaudits of the audience attested their high regard for his speech. I was also a Whig and present at this meeting. Your father and myself saw politically eye to eye. In the debating society your father was active, and an ardent and interested speaker. Rodman, Gold, E. Strong, Nooney, your father, and myself were all fond of athletic sports. We walked, worked, played quoits, etc., much more than the average of our class, and the six named, I think, all lived to be over eighty years old. Gold is eighty-three, and I am almost eighty-four years old. This speaks for itself. Your father was what I call thorough—he did with his might what his hand found to do. His soul was not in one place and his body in another. If he had to

thrash a refractory student, which rarely he would most reluctantly have to do, he did it *thoroughly*. He was no inefficient character floating with the tide. He was a positive force, and ever working for the good of mankind.

"In our junior year we roomed in North Middle College, he in 79 and I in 76. Proximity of rooms, mutual fondness for exercise, like politics, like literary proclivities, brought us often and much together. I admired his entire sincerity, simplicity, and nobility of character. Knowing him thoroughly, I had the greater friendship for him. His solid, sterling virtues dilated the more on acquaintance. My inexperience, my youth, my rawness, called for thought and sympathy and aid, that his greater age and great heart could supply. His strength and my weakness, I believe, consolidated a friendship lifelong here, and I believe to be renewed and endure in the spirit land and the spirit life through unending ages.

"His hate of sham, intolerance of pretense, and earnestness of purpose endeared him to men of like stamp, but not to the frivolous or vain. He was a good scholar; solid, not showy. My memoranda show that his marking was

in junior appointments 82 for first dispute. In senior year he took the same appointment. As a writer his work was higher than as a classical scholar. He had little power to skim, much to dive.

"This paper, written by the hand of friendship, is, I judge, the opinion of his classmates, and is surely that of

Yours truly,  
H. P. HEDGES."

Another classmate, Hon. T. S. Gold, of Cornwall, Con., wrote on the occasion of my father's eightieth birthday:

"His energy was manifested in the study of conic sections as well as in debate, and none of us would have risked a physical contest with him. I well remember his sonorous voice echoing through the halls of old South Middle in the early light of the summer morning, as he rehearsed the demonstrations, Q. E. D. I count first among the pleasures of my life the friendship of so many good men — and among them all no one, in my regard, outranks James Tufts."

My father kept a very accurate itemized account of his expenses while in college. His

total expense for the two years and one term was \$678, of which \$90 was for traveling expenses, \$75 for books, \$167 for clothing, \$44 for societies. . He was, by training, economical, but does not seem to have been forced to deny himself the thing for which he cared most—association with his fellows upon conditions of self-respect. In the spring of his senior year, however, he felt obliged to teach again, and this time his lot fell in Fairfield, a dignified and beautiful village, where he remained for two years. He came to New Haven to graduate with his class, receiving his degree August 16, 1838, and appearing on the commencement program with a dissertation, "On the Influence of Ambition upon the Educated Mind of Our Country." This dissertation was a thoughtful paper, designed to show that a desire to gain reputation and to appeal to the popular taste was injurious to the cause of deep scholarship and thorough learning.

The two years in Fairfield, aside from the work of teaching, were notable chiefly for the friendships formed—friendships both with persons and with books. The first money received for tuition bought two large volumes of selections from the *British Poets*, and these

were not merely read, but also made intimate companions. My father seems to have been fond of quoting Pope's epigrams before this—the old-fashioned parsing probably was responsible for the first acquaintance; and, next to Shakspeare, Pope always remained a favorite, chiefly, I think, on account of his intellectual acuteness and epigrammatic expression. Philosophy as well as poetry was read, and at this time was written the only article of a distinctly scholastic sort which my father ever published. This was a critical review of Sawyer's *Critical Exposition of Mental Philosophy*, a work which afforded to the reviewer an opportunity for discussing the ethical theories of the "New Haven theology." The book took essentially the position of Paley as regards the motives of human action and the grounds of obligation, and the review sharply opposes this attempt to resolve all the moral distinctions and motives into pleasures and pains. While not affording an adequate test of philosophical attainment, the review shows distinct promise and, as might be expected, marked dialectical ability. If the conditions of education at that time had suggested such a career, or if his health had permitted him to go on

with his theological studies, my father might very probably have continued work along philosophical lines. In later years he seemed to require the stimulus of discussion or of preparation for speaking in order to study and write, and when he wrote it must be something brief, incisive, and capable of final formulation in a short time. He did not like to tie himself down to a long piece of continuous work. But this impatience of the steady, monotonous work of the investigator, and this eagerness to bring his results to the forum of discussion, or to the minds of others, although to some degree rooted deep in his character, were undoubtedly greatly developed, first by his ill-health, and then by his work as a teacher, which left little leisure for continuous research, and emphasized personal contact rather than impersonal speculation or investigation.

Of the many delightful personal friendships formed in Fairfield with the families of his pupils and with others, my father's friendship with Mr. Henry G. de Forest was particularly worthy of mention. Mr. de Forest was a member of the class of 1839 at Amherst College, and spent his vacations in Fairfield. In all externals and antecedents the young men



strikingly contrasted. The one was of rather delicate physique, and showed in his finely cut features the legacy of his French ancestry, and in his manner the courtesy and refinement which are fostered by advantages of birth and breeding. The other, robust and energetic of body and mind, had the ruggedness and quaintness of the Scot, and always maintained in his manner a degree of the "non-conformity" which characterized the Puritan. There was also a difference of eight years in their ages; but in spite of—or the more because of—all differences, the fineness of mind and spirit in the one, and the originality, forcefulness, and broadly human quality of the other, afforded the basis for a lifelong attachment. Visits and letters were interchanged, and many a "margin" in the form of a book or a journey—the margin which often means to the man whose tastes outrun his resources, just the difference between existing and "living"—owed its possibility to the delicacy and kindness of this friend. I had seen enough of Mr. de Forest to appreciate my father's words on receiving tidings of his death in 1889: "The world seems poorer to me, now that he has gone."

In April, 1840, my father left Fairfield for Andover to carry out the purpose which he had cherished since leaving home for Manchester, eight years before. A very affectionate letter from his father, received just at this time, shows that he had hoped, ever since he had baptized his oldest son, to see him enter the calling of the ministry. Arriving at Andover, my father resolved to make up the work already covered by the first-year class since autumn. He engaged a tutor in Hebrew; in other subjects he could work privately, and before long he was able to enter with great satisfaction upon the regular work of the class.

The year 1840-41, spent at Andover, was in some respects the happiest of my father's life. Moses Stuart, B. B. Edwards, Leonard Woods, and Edwards A. Park were an unusual group of instructors; the student body was large in numbers, and included many strong and vigorous minds. The theological seminary of today finds it difficult to maintain its position without the support of a university, but it may be doubted whether in 1840 there was anywhere else in this country so vigorous an intellectual life as on Andover Hill. Students from the University of Vermont had received from James

Marsh the ferment of a new philosophical principle, and were known as "Coleridge men." Disciples of Dr. Taylor, of New Haven, were enthusiastic for his standpoint. Carlyle and Emerson were eagerly read and discussed. Two years of study and reflection since his college course had prepared my father to take a vigorous part in philosophical and theological discussions. He often recurred in his last years to a famous debate on the question, "Does Edwards's doctrine of the will lead to fatalism?" in which interest rose so high that two adjourned meetings were necessary to satisfy the thirst of the society for metaphysics, and to free Edwards, as championed by my father, from the charge of fatalism.

For about a year my father enjoyed this opportunity for enlargement, feeling, as he said, "a giant's strength," when suddenly, in the spring of 1841, the crash came which changed his whole career, and indeed for a long time seemed to make any work impossible. All at once his throat became inflamed, and he "lost his voice," so that he could speak only in a whisper. Accompanying this was a serious mental depression, although it is uncertain whether this was a part of the direct results of

the systemic disturbance, or whether it was the result of the disappointment in plans which was produced by the loss of voice. In after-life he attributed the throat trouble to insufficient nutrition. Owing to a temporarily bad condition of his teeth, he limited his diet to a very small range of food, and that of a not very nutritious sort. He had felt so well and strong that he did not think of any danger until the blow fell. A sea voyage was advised, and several trips were made from Gloucester with fishermen for mackerel and halibut. The sea air relieved the local irritation somewhat, but no pronounced change was effected, and it was a sad and discouraged man who in August climbed old Wardsboro Hill, to find that during his last voyage his father had died.

The decade from thirty to forty is a no less critical and formative period in the lives of most professional men than the decade from twenty to thirty. In the early period habits of study are formed; in the latter falls usually the decisive test as to whether the man will satisfy himself with the standard set by his previous training, or will press on to creative work and seek to widen his horizon. It tests the capacity for independent achievement, as the

earlier tested that for learning. A check at the beginning of this period is a serious thing ; a series of checks, continuing through the whole period, thwarting every successive attempt to pick up the broken threads and weave some pattern — even if not the original design — could not fail to leave its permanent impress. In spite of all that my father was afterward enabled to accomplish, he always spoke of his life as crippled and broken ; he never had the same confidence in his ability, and never dared to plan for large things. To use his own metaphor, he did not dare to steer his ship upon the broad seas ; he must make short coasting trips, and never venture far from port. “I gave up all hope of anything but small, short work fifty-seven years ago,” he wrote in 1898.

The external history of the decade may be briefly told. He recovered the use of his voice ; studied further at home ; was licensed to preach by the Windham County Association at Newfane, February 7, 1843, and ordained at Wardsboro, September 24, 1844 ; preached for a time at Chillicothe, O., but found his throat still too weak for continuous use, and, after some study at Lane Seminary, returned to Vermont. In 1845 he was invited to teach the

classics at Castleton Seminary, an institution which covered the field of a high school or academy, and also the first year of a college course. The classes in the classics were not large; the students were earnest, and letters written at this time speak of occasional preaching and show a fair measure of good spirits. After two years, however, he felt obliged to give up on account of the same chronic sore throat, and returned home again disappointed and discouraged. While staying at home he was elected (1848) superintendent of schools for Windham county, without any effort on his part, and was at first disposed to decline to serve; but he began to visit the schools, and the occupation was doubtless a blessing.

Repeated failure had come to exercise a depressing influence. In a letter to his sister, written in December, 1849, he dwells upon the past eight years: "I have been bound in fetters. Sometimes I feel reconciled to my prison and fetters, and then I catch a glimpse of other days and hopes and the spirit struggles in vain to rise, like the caged bird that beats its wings against its bars when it sees the clear blue sky. . . . I do not find it easy to keep from sitting down, and being and do-

ing nothing. I have looked, and started, and stopped, and given up so many times. I seem good for nothing. Years pass; life and vigor wasted, not in working, but in contending against fretting disease and nothingism, as Carlyle would say. . . . I am not apt to tell over my doleful strains. It is of no use. Everyone has sorrow enough, and if people were all blabbing their sorrows, they would only make the matter worse." Referring to the same period in a letter almost fifty years later, he said: "It is wonderful that, after all, I have lived so long and enjoyed so much, under such limitations. Those were dark days — no visible prospect, and I had been on the shelf most of the time for ten years then. If James reads the letter [the letter from which the preceding quotations were made], he will prize more health and a fair start, and see a little what a sad life I had for one who had had such health and hopes. But I began to gain then."

The work of visiting schools gave an opportunity for outdoor exercise; for my father had no horse, and walked from school to school over the hills of Windham county, save for an occasional "lift" by a passing wagon.

It also gave a wholesome diversion, and enabled him to feel that he was of some use. For he did not stop with the mechanical part of his duty. He tried to have the right word of stimulus, of encouragement, or of suggestion for both teachers and scholars. He considered it to be the function of a superintendent, not merely to observe the condition of the school or to indicate in general terms the ideals of good schools, but to show the specific means which parents, teachers, and children might take to reach the end. He took every opportunity to talk with parents and influential men about the schools. Addresses were issued to teachers and to children. Teachers' institutes were conducted, and frequent contributions made to school journals. All these various activities soon made the Windham county superintendent known beyond the bounds of the county, and he was prominently mentioned for state superintendent, although he deprecated the suggestion, feeling uncertain how long his health would allow him to continue work. He also published in the local papers and in the *Vermont School Journal* brief reports of the schools visited. The schools were indicated only by a number, but it must



have been easy for those immediately connected to identify their schools, especially when the comments were as realistic as the following:

"School No. 52. A new house, large and convenient, though seats for younger scholars too high. When several rods away, heard the loud, shrill voices of teacher and scholars. Children hurry out at recess like a flock of sheep; manners rude and uncouth. The teacher, full of energy, resolution, and enthusiasm, has a clear head, and drills the scholars on hard points till they can understand and explain them; has a loud, shrill, resolute voice, which she uses both in teaching and in scolding: 'Boys, don't let me hear that whispering again.'—'Joseph, take your book there and go to studying.'—'Susan, put up that string.'—'Stop there, sit up, and go to studying in a minute.'—'May I leave my seat?'—'No; sit down.'—'Girls, what are you doing?'—'Boys, stand on the mark; don't show any of your spunk here.'—'Stop that whispering, I say.' Says she has not punished a scholar yet, but I remarked that I thought a little whipping and less talking would be better for her and the scholars, too. . . . This

teacher, too, might make more use of her influence in moral training, as she evidently has a great deal of good nature, and uncommon originality and fertility of mind, as well as a fluent tongue and strong lungs."

Not all of the reports are so vivacious, but they all aim at something specific, and show the qualities of frankness, directness, unconventionality, conciseness, and originality which made their author so welcome a visitor and so interesting a speaker throughout his life.

After two years of this work my father kept a "select school" in Wardsboro in the hope of benefiting the young people of the town, and in the autumn of 1851 went to Northampton, Mass., to teach in a classical school for boys conducted by his classmate and lifelong friend, L. J. Dudley. While at Northampton in the autumn of the next year he was visited by his old college friend Charles Hammond. Mr. Hammond was then principal of Monson Academy, and had been asked to go to Groton. He loved Monson Academy, where he had himself studied, and where he had been principal for seven years, and when about to leave he thought himself of his old friend Tufts for his successor. The decision to undertake the

duties of principal at Monson was made October 17, after a good deal of hesitation and with many misgivings, for the diary of that autumn has frequent entries, such as "tired," "health poor." Work was not to begin until December, and the intervening weeks were spent in a visit to New York, and in rambling over the Wardsboro hills. November 27 he left the home where his mother still lived, and where he had for eleven years been welcomed with the unfailing sympathy and hospitality of the head of the house, his brother John. The latter was a man of great strength of body and mind, —farmer, school-teacher, and state senator—upright and unselfish, who a few years later moved to Geneseo, Ill., where he lived until his death in 1885.

## IV.

### MONSON.

"I CAN hardly realize I have been here now on the forty-ninth year. I came reluctantly, after deciding not to come; but it has proved well. I was greatly blessed in the school, both in numbers and in religious interest," so my father wrote just before his last illness. "It proved well," for here at last he found the opportunity to do work that was more than a fragment, and that brought out his capacities.

There are two main classes of teachers — teachers of subjects, and teachers of boys and girls or of young men and women. We think of the one as classical scholars, or as teachers of science or mathematics: The great men in this class are remembered for their mastery of their subject, their contagious enthusiasm for learning, their clearness in exposition, their appreciation for whatever is fine in literature, or significant in nature, or profound in philosophy. The correspondingly conspicuous men of the second class interest us by their personal interest, by their ability to discover the

strength and weakness in individual characters, to stimulate the sluggish, encourage the timid, train the superficial to habits of thoroughness, and inspire in the thoughtless a loftier and more serious purpose. No strong teacher would fall wholly in either class, but there is a difference in emphasis, and probably no one would hesitate to place James Tufts in the second class. I do not think any of his students thought of him primarily as a classical teacher, although he taught the classics well. He could in my boyhood conduct recitations from nearly any part of the texts used in preparation for college, without having any text before him, and no error in construction or rendering passed unchallenged. But I do not think that his interest in the classics purely as literature was so great as, for instance, that of Mr. Hammond, who was both his predecessor and his successor at Monson. Latin and Greek were interesting to him chiefly as agencies for training a mind and forming a character. If they seemed not to be the best agencies for some boy or girl, he looked for something else that might be better adapted. He never forgot that most of his students would walk the paths of common life, and

that their spirits must find a culture not too remote from their situation. "What's the use of such a boy's studying Latin?" was a question he not infrequently raised in the case of someone whose gifts were apparently in other directions. He always believed in great thoroughness; the indirect discourse and the other complications of syntax were to be made so familiar as to cease to terrify; the suggestive or epigrammatic phrases from Vergil and Homer were keenly appreciated, and often on his lips in appropriate quotation—in fact, when I was in college, I used to say that I was made aware of his approval for any of my youthful successes only by the presence of an unusual amount of Latin or Greek quotation in the next letter; and yet, after all, it was not to his familiarity with syntax or to his love for apt phrase that he owed his influence. It was to a friendly word here, a book loaned there, a suggestion of an essay to this one, or of a history to that; a sympathetic word for the boy whose early advantages had been slight, a brusque word to the careless, a good-natured laugh at—or rather with—the blunderer; but, above all, to the atmosphere, which he seemed to make all-pervasive, of earnestness and vig-

orous achievement, of seriousness and responsibility.

His main reliance in the control of schools had always been upon diverting the surplus energy of young men into lines of productive activity. Debates, themes, historical reading, were made to supplement the regular curriculum. An exceptionally bright or mature boy, feeling dimly his awakening powers, was encouraged by private help to push on in advance. Unconventional and original himself, he did not like to see anyone, from the little child in the first grade up to the mature young man, suffer from routine or the supposed necessities of system. Finally, he brought to his work in Monson the convictions as to the supreme value of the moral and religious life, which had their origin in his boyhood home and had been fostered by his education for the ministry.

For a man of this character Monson Academy in 1852 offered a field for great usefulness. About ninety students were in attendance, coming from all parts of Massachusetts and Connecticut, and the number rose steadily under my father's tenure of the principalship until, in 1856-57, the number of different students for the year reached 228, and the attendance for

the autumn term 157. Of the 228 in attendance in 1856-57, 158 were from towns other than Monson, and many of them were preparing for college. In referring to the number of students from other towns, it is not intended to imply that such students were any better than those from Monson, but only to show that the academy was widely and favorably known.

When my father began work, the school, thanks to Mr. Hammond's ability and the help of many of its friends, was rising from a temporary depression to more than its former efficiency and success. The students were earnest. Many of them were unusually mature—men and women rather than boys and girls; the photograph of a class which graduated soon after suggests a group of college seniors rather than a group of students from a secondary school. In most cases their presence at school involved careful economy, if not absolute sacrifice, for themselves or their parents. They came to learn, and they were ready to give appreciation and response to a man who sympathized with their purpose and trusted their sincerity. It would be invidious to speak of any in particular, but I have heard my



father dwell often upon the honesty, manliness, intellectual power, or literary sense of this one and that, as he followed their subsequent careers in the pulpit, on the bench, in political life, in positions of trust, in literature, as teachers, or, what was not less important in my father's view, as wise, honorable, and faithful citizens or fathers and mothers. These careers show that the young men and women of the academy might well call out the best powers of a man who could not only see the present and actual, but also discover the yet unrealized possibilities, and thereby aid to make them realities.

This power of discovery my father seems to have possessed, and I find frequent allusions to it in letters from those who studied with him. One, the head of a large and successful school, writes: "Mr. Tufts has always been to my mind, a remarkable instance of a man discerning and drawing out what was best in a boy or girl. The terrible lack in many institutions at present seems to me to be the lack of this personal element." Another, who later in college and seminary had studied under some of the most eminent of New England educators, wrote: "Somehow, if I could have

remained yet longer under your tutelage—who understood my peculiar weaknesses, and gifts also, so thoroughly—it would have enabled me in the end to have done a better life-work than I have accomplished. For not all of my college instructors appreciated my needs, and therefore did very little to develop the very elements I most required for success. But I always appreciated and have often thoughtfully recalled your own fatherly helpfulness and training throughout my happy academy days.”

The same note occurs, with others, in the address given by the Rev. C. C. Carpenter in presenting to the academy the portrait of his former teacher, on behalf of the students of '52-'59. The characterization in this address seems so true that, although it has appeared in print, it is here reproduced :

“Well do I recall the time when Mr. Tufts first came to take charge of this academy. Especially do I remember a certain disquietude which some of us felt over the change of teachers; for we were in the midst of our preparatory studies, and a change of administration seemed somewhat like swapping horses in the middle of a stream. But we were not long in

learning that our fears were groundless, and that we were to continue in good and capable hands. For Mr. Tufts had a genius for teaching (and I use the past tense simply because I refer to by-gone days); as a prime qualification of a teacher he had, I think, something more than a touch of the gift which was called in New Testament times 'the discerning of spirits.' He saw at a glance the good possibilities of a boy; and he knew a blockhead by intuition, and could tell him in the dark. The boys and girls, for the most part, who came under his charge were fresh from innocent country life, not knowing their own capabilities, or what resources of power and worth were hidden in their unconsciousness; and never, I think, have I met a man who so quickly appreciated the germs and beginnings of character in these raw and undeveloped natures, or who was as wise in stimulating these latent qualities into activity. Having once, with his clear insight, perceived what it was possible for his pupil to become, Mr. Tufts spared no pains to bring about the desired result. His method was simple, and the only one which ever had great success in any system of education. It was by drilling, by itera-

tion and reiteration of facts and principles and words. His motto seemed to be, 'Precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a good deal.' In this way he domesticated thoughts and sentences in our minds, so that we can never forget them. Why, I sometimes think that whole layers and lobes of my brain were directly created by his persistent hammering.

"Nor can I forget that Mr. Tufts combined with his earnestness a large share of geniality, a very necessary element in every successful teacher's character. In fact, he was committed by his temperament to good nature. Indeed, I am sure our venerated teacher would never have succeeded on the tragic stage; he wore too light a buskin. I remember that when, on occasion, he essayed to correct us for our shortcomings or peccadilloes, though he began with scowling brow and imperious tone, we soon discovered that he could not keep it up; for the contracted forehead would relax, and the hard words melt into smiles; and, before we were half aware of it, he had succeeded in laughing us out of our blunders much more effectually than would have been possible by a severer method. It was this geniality, I think,

which imparted to the relations of teacher and scholar an atmosphere of kindness and friendship; since it naturally hesitated to 'make mountains out of mole-hills,' and allowed the trivial episodes and side-issues of school life, which had little or no bearing on real character, to slip away into forgetfulness. It is a great thing for a teacher to be able to discriminate between the harmful and the harmless, and this the natural sympathies of our teacher qualified him to do."

There are two or three entries in his diary which have an interest in this connection: "Feb. 12 (1853): Some unpleasant things in school, noise, etc. Rules for *ego* in reproof: 1, Caution. 2, Prayer. 3, Mirth. 4, Sun will shine." This last was a common remark with my father to signify that probably a given trouble would not prove so serious as to disturb the solar system. "March 4. *Trouble*. Rules—1, Seems greater than it is. 2, Will seem less, perhaps nothing, . . . Reproof. Invariable rule, cool, and ask *explanation*, which will in a thousand cases disarm hard feelings." Very soon occur entries recording an especial religious interest during which many in the school made public confession of faith and

entered upon a life of higher and larger purpose. Two or three who had been somewhat troublesome, finding themselves not in harmony with the more serious and earnest spirit in the school, did not return for the summer, and there was no further trouble of any consequence. Periods of special religious interest recurred nearly every year, and many felt that they owed to Monson Academy not only the intellectual quickening which furnished the tools for greater efficiency, but also that truer estimate of life's values, and that steadfast purpose to carry out the higher ideals, which measure the real life. The religious interest was not of an emotional or sentimental sort. I have often heard my father say that no school exercise was ever interfered with, no lesson ever passed over or slighted. Students were taught that the first step in the service of God should be greater diligence in business. And if recent psychology is correct in suggesting the possibility on the part of young people of confusing religious feeling with other emotions, there was a sound reason for the request which was made—it was left entirely to the students themselves to accede to it or not—that the young men should not

escort the young women to and from the weekly prayer-meeting.

The seven years of academy life passed with few outer incidents. The two most important events of the period were marriage and the purchase of the house which continued to be home until the end.

On March 21, 1855, my father was married, in Brooklyn, N. Y., to Mary Elizabeth Warren, by his friend, the Rev. R. S. Storrs. My mother, the daughter of John Parker and Lucy Maynard (Wheelock) Warren, was likewise a native of Wardsboro, where her father, a graduate of Dartmouth Medical School, was the town physician. She was born August 9, 1823, and was a pupil of my father during one of the terms in which he taught at home. Later, after a year at Mt. Holyoke (1844-45), she had studied and taught at Castleton Seminary, 1846-47, when my father was there, and had also been associated with him at Monson during the year 1853-54. During 1854-55 she taught in Orange, N. J., and after the marriage to my father she continued to teach at Monson until the summer of 1858.

For the first three years after their marriage my father and mother boarded in the families

of Mr. Albert Norcross and Deacon Andrew Porter. March 22, 1858, they moved into the house which became familiar to so many friends during the forty-three years that followed. About a hundred acres of land were connected with the place, and the intention at first was to sell off the land as opportunity should offer; but, whether because opportunity did not offer or because of a love for land, inherited from boyhood days, the land was not sold. At first only a small portion was cultivated, and a few cows were kept; but later, after teaching had come to occupy less time, the farm was developed and became an important interest. The house itself was considerably enlarged in 1860 by the addition of a south wing, and again, a few years later, by the enlargement of dining-room, etc., to provide for the large family which it was then sheltering. Thus improved, it had many sunny as well as shaded rooms, and my father became increasingly attached to it.

Another purchase, made in 1854, became closely associated with my father in the minds of Monson people. This was a Morgan mare, bought on a visit to Vermont, and known in the family as Kate. She carried her master





THE HOME AT MOUNTAIN.

My father, Nathaniel, and Deacon Andrew Morgan. March 22, 1848, they moved into the new place, which was so familiar to so many of us, and the forty-three years that followed. A few hundred acres of land were purchased, and the place, and the intention that it was to sell off the land as opportunity offered, but, whether because opportunity failed, or because of a love for land, inherited from boyhood days, the land was not sold. At first only a small portion was cultivated, and a few cows were kept; but later, as my father had come to occupy less time, the place was developed and became an important interest. The house itself was considerably enlarged in 1860 by the addition of a south wing, and again, a few years later, by the enlargement of dining-room, etc., to provide for the large family which it was then sheltering. Thus improved, it had many sunny as well as shaded rooms, and my father became increasingly attached to it.

Another purchase, made in 1854, became closely associated with my father in the minds of Monson people. This was a Morgan mare, bought on a visit to Vermont, and known in the family as Kate. She carried her master



**THE HOME AT MONSON.**



on her back to Saratoga, to Vermont, and over Monson hills, proving an important factor in preserving his health. My father rode at a trot or a walk, never at a canter. He sat very firmly in the saddle, and could ride long distances without fatigue; but his arms rose and fell with the motion of the horse in a way that was often amusing to the observer. He found great satisfaction in Kate, until her sad death at the burning of his barn in 1868, and after that he used three of her colts successively. The youngest, after a somewhat vivacious colthood, served the family faithfully and well until the ripe age of twenty-eight. My father was not fastidious about the appearance of his vehicles; but he did thoroughly enjoy a good horse, and, although he did not "race," I have the impression that it contributed something toward his self-respect that, when his horses were in their prime, he was not often passed on the road. The mettlesome and skittish temper of colts and the large element of uncertainty in their future suggested to his mind striking analogies with the character and possibilities of boys and girls, and many will recall forcible and humorous illustrations drawn by him for the benefit of teachers or

parents, from his experiences with those interesting animals.

For a little more than six years my father continued his work in the academy, varied by vacation trips to New York or Vermont or Saratoga. The school was in a prosperous condition, although its slight endowment, as compared with that of similar institutions, laid a heavy burden upon the teachers, and the annual reports to the trustees called attention to the increasing difficulties of maintaining standards equally high with those of richer academies. In the winter of 1859 my father had a severe cold, which affected his throat. A visit to New York afforded some relief; but this proved only temporary, and the spring was a time of great depression, "wearisome days and nights." "This was one of the severest strokes of my life, struggling so hard against disease, and suffering so much. Still, I had great inward peace. I have learned something in the long school of affliction—eighteen years this spring (1859) since my throat first troubled me—in which I have been so often laid low, my plans all frustrate, till I have learned to have no plans of my own."

At last he became convinced that it was not wise for him to attempt to continue, and on June 7 "formally notified the committee that I must give up the school—a trial. I think it is best." He started on horseback for Saratoga, and one of the trustees remarked that he never expected to see that man return alive; but this time there was rapid improvement, and he returned in time to be present at the "exhibition."

In conversation shortly before his death, the question was raised as to whether it might not have been better if he had asked for a leave of absence for a term instead of resigning. He replied that very likely it might have been, but that at that time such arrangements were not common, and he did not think of asking it, nor the trustees of offering it. The trustees were deceived by the prosperous condition of the academy, and thought this would continue of itself; but, after the students then in attendance had completed the course, the numbers greatly diminished, and it was not until 1863, when a fund of \$15,000 was raised, and Mr. Hammond induced to return, that the decline was arrested and the institution restored once more to an influential position.

As regards my father, it is, of course, futile to speculate as to whether it would have been better for him to remain. The fact that, for the remaining forty-three years of his life, he enjoyed almost uninterrupted good health might be regarded as in itself almost a sufficient answer, if this is contrasted with the condition of his health before coming to Monson. He was also enabled to be helpful to many boys and young men in his own home. And yet, one can but feel that it was unfortunate that his work in the academy should have been cut off so soon. I know by personal acquaintance something of his work when teaching in his home, and I must depend on the words of others for an estimate of the conditions in the academy; hence it is easily possible that the latter may be idealized, and some unfavorable aspects be unknown. But, unless I am entirely deceived, the seven years in the academy were the most useful and fruitful of my father's life. Private teaching, it is true, may be thought to give greater opportunities for personal influence, and the teacher is more independent in ways and means. The needs of the exceptional student can be better discerned and better met. And yet there



is a value both for teacher and for student in the institutional life. Too intimate association and too individual treatment have their disadvantages. Just as the religious life gains in power by the organization of a church, and the development of justice is furthered by the organization of courts—even though personal piety and private justice might often reach their ends more simply and directly—so school and college bring into the foreground the value and dignity of education. The personal power of the teacher is stimulated and reinforced, not only by the individual pupils before him, but by the traditions of the past and by the strength of the community. For the institution is the constant, visible embodiment of the value which the community places upon education. The teacher in an institution, therefore, like the preacher from the pulpit, or the judge upon the bench, speaks with more than personal authority. In the case of a subordinate teacher, or even of a college professor, this may permit, or even require, such an absence of responsibility or initiative as to dwarf the teacher's originaive activity, and make him almost a cog in a machine. But the headship of an institution—

even though it was not a large one—involving no important restriction, and affording the opportunity for both development of power and wide usefulness.

As already intimated, when the position in the academy was given up, my father turned to private teaching. Three or four boys were placed in his care the first year, and from that time until 1876 there were nearly always from four to eight boys or young men in his home. After 1876 there were fewer, usually one or two, until 1890, making about one hundred in all. These were of all ages and of diverse character and ability. The boy from the best of homes, and the boy from no home; the boy who was backward and needed patience, the boy who was a genius yet undiscovered; the young man who wanted to be prepared for college in the shortest time possible; the boy whom his parents could not control; the boy who could scarcely find hours enough in the day for work, and the boy whose acuteness was directed wholly to evading work; the normal boy, the peculiar boy, the good-natured and careless boy, and, in some cases, happily few, the mean or vicious boy—all

these came for longer or shorter periods, and all except the last found, I think, something in the teaching and life which helped them. Some remained a very short time, one for five years. Some found recreation in hunting or fishing or boat-building; others paid their tuition wholly or in part by work upon the farm. There were few rules, much out-of-door life, and a variable amount of study. President Seelye of Amherst once remarked that it was among the few private schools for boys in his acquaintance where he did not pity the boys.

Some boys, sent by parents or guardians because difficult to manage, never fitted into the life of the home. These probably carried away few pleasant memories and no affection. I am inclined to think that the proportion of such may have been greater than in the academy. To teach such students was not a very rewarding task, and I do not think my father was particularly adapted to it. But, on the other hand, many of the students, not only the more mature and studious, but those in whom a genuine and manly nature was in its effervescent period, throwing off froth and foreign elements and working clear in the process, cherished a

very kindly and lasting feeling toward their teacher, and were glad to return often in after-years and tell of their work and progress to one who was deeply interested in their welfare. Not to speak of any who are still living, the late Eugene Field maintained until his death a confidence that his old teacher wanted to know, not only his actual performance, but his ideals and hopes for future achievement.

A word may be added here in supplementation of what has already been said regarding my father's methods of teaching and discipline. He combined in a rather unusual degree the two principles of thoroughness and progress. There was great insistence upon repetition and review. A hesitating translation was never accepted. "Read your reviews until you can read them just as smoothly and as fast as you can read English," was the oft-repeated maxim. "Don't be satisfied with telling your scholars; make them repeat it to you themselves, until they not only get it right, but can say it without stopping to think," was his advice to teachers. But he had also a great abhorrence of the consequence which sometimes follows upon a one-sided insistence upon review and drill; namely, that a student becomes tired, thinks

he is making little progress, and settles down into a sort of "jog trot" or even a "slow walk," instead of being ready for a burst of speed when the road is smooth. He believed that the principle of requiring students to master difficulties for themselves might be overworked, particularly in the early stages of study in a given subject. Hence he was accustomed to explain difficulties, to clear away many obstacles in advance, and to encourage the student to push on, even if not every minute point was exhaustively investigated. Many things become clear after a time, and many faults may be outgrown if we can only maintain a healthy progress. The skilful teacher may sometimes steer past a snag; it isn't good economy to stop the ship and dig up every stump that is in sight in the channel, much less to spend time in seeking for those that may be hidden. "It isn't worth while to spend all your time trying to split tough knots," was another phrase by which he frequently expressed the same principle. This last metaphor was often applied to conduct as well as to studies, and was sometimes supplemented by another simile, drawn from the field of horsemanship: "You can get a colt so

fretted by constantly holding him in and twitching the reins that he'll either 'bolt,' or get discouraged and balk." Agreeably to this he used to urge teachers, particularly teachers of young children, "Get your scholars along," "Make them think they can do something," "Don't quiddle." "Quiddling" was indeed particularly offensive, and I think few of his students, or of the Monson teachers whose schools he visited, will fail to recall some instance of his expressed aversion to this "idol of the theater."

In the case of boys who were not vicious, but only difficult, he held that it was better to "engineer them along," and avoid situations which might make a collision inevitable. It was not that he believed in dodging an issue, squarely presented, but rather that he had so much confidence in the underlying good sense of man or boy, if it could be reached, and so much confidence in the persuasive power of good humor or a kindly laugh, that he grew more and more averse to action that might leave hard feelings behind.

There is little to chronicle in the years of private teaching. A great joy came into the household with the birth of a son, James

Frederic, April 28, 1860, and the forty-seven years of the father seemed to intensify the affection with which he watched for seven months the unfolding promise of a perhaps too rapidly developing child. It was only for seven months, however, and on a Sunday morning (December 1, 1860), after less than a day's illness, the little boy was gone. The second son, James Hayden, was born July 9, 1862.

In other respects likewise the years of private teaching saw a mingling of the pleasant and the unpleasant, of joy and pain. Until about 1876 there was usually a good number of students. Some money was expended in enlarging the house, and then in building a house for a tenant who should carry on the farm, and a few dollars were laid by. The first occasion that called for these was not a "rainy day," however, but a "fiery night." On November 18, 1868, the barn, sheds, and small tenement were burned, with two cows, the mare Kate—I think we all cared more for her than for all the rest together—grain, apples, tools, and twenty tons of hay. There was suspicion as to the author of the fire, but no proof. The catastrophe—for such it seemed—brought out at once the sympathy of the

townspeople, and aid was given toward the new structure, which was completed the following June. Two years later a lesser misfortune occurred. Someone—we were afterward informed that it was a boy who was in the home at school—let down the bars through which a fine pair of oxen wandered on to the railway, where they were killed by a train.

More serious losses were the death of the aged mother, August 22, 1870, in her 94th year, and the ill-health of the wife, which began about this time and continued for many years. This involved protracted absences from home on her part, and long periods of partial or complete helplessness, attended by much suffering. It was an anxious period, for, in addition to the main cause for foreboding, there were many difficulties in providing properly for the boys who were studying, and who furnished the only income with which to meet the many expenses. During one of my mother's absences, upon Christmas day, 1874, my father met with a fall which might easily have been even more serious than it proved. A ladder, on which he had just stepped to descend from the roof of his house, slipped, and caused him to fall nearly twenty feet to the frozen ground, breaking two



ribs, and the left arm near the shoulder. Happily the accident left no permanent ill effects beyond a slight stiffness in the left hand.

But illness and anxiety and accidents did not fill the entire horizon during these years. Frequent visits to relatives and friends gave relief and refreshment ; after some eight years of more or less complete banishment from the activities of life, my mother began to gain in health, and shortly before my father reached the age of three-score and ten, which I have taken as a convenient limit for this chapter, occurred the first of three notable occasions on which neighbors and friends expressed their good-will. In March, 1880, upon the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage, my father and mother welcomed, with surprise and delight, a large company of Monson neighbors, who filled the house, bringing not only a very generous reminder that this was a silver wedding, but an overflowing cordiality which remained as a treasured memory long after the silver had been transmuted into agencies for making the home more comfortable and beautiful.

## V.

### LATER YEARS.

THE last fifteen or twenty years of my father's life, if not filled with the consciousness of strength in which he exulted in early years, or with the feeling of active achievement which belonged to his work in the academy, had yet distinct values of their own. Released for the most part from confinement to private teaching, he could serve his fellow-citizens in various ways—in the church, the schools, on the library board; he could meet his friends, or exchange letters with them; he could contribute his word at the various gatherings of farmers, teachers, and ministers which he attended; he could read and occasionally write; he could help many a boy or girl and keep himself young in heart thereby. There were many petty ills and vexations, especially in connection with his farm, which for the last ten years was rented; there were accidents, and in the last few years my mother's health was again poor; but, on the other hand, his own health was almost uniformly good, and the later years were brightened by many excep-



**FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN AT ABOUT THE AGE OF EIGHTY.**



tional expressions of sympathy and good-will. They were cheered by the greetings of friends and the increasing consideration of fellow-townspeople and former students. They were vitalized by some degree of participation, however slight as measured by early hopes, in the intellectual, religious, and educational progress of the times. "I have not done much, yet my life has been spared, so I have accomplished *something*, although much limited, and the people here think me useful still, especially among the young."<sup>1</sup>

His relations to the young were occasioned partly by his service upon the school committee of the town. At an earlier period (1861-63) he served one term of three years, but his more important service began in 1878. He served from this date continuously until 1890, when the town engaged a superintendent. For about half of this period he was chairman of the committee and wrote the annual report, and during the whole period he served upon the visiting sub-committee, and was assigned the care of several schools. As the law required the committee to make three visits to

<sup>1</sup> From a letter written just before his eighty-eighth birthday.

each school every term, the roads over Monson hills grew very familiar during the twelve years, and the faces of a large number of Monson children likewise. For it is scarcely necessary to say that the visits were never merely formal. We used to hear who were the bright children in all the schools visited, and the opportunity to say a word of encouragement, usually fixed in the mind of the hearer by a homely illustration from farm or roadside, was seldom, if ever, omitted. Knowing nearly all the parents, he took an added interest in seeing the children and noting their characteristic qualities.

In his talks to children, as in his addresses to older audiences, he did not rely wholly upon the impulse of the moment. In his earlier years he had formed the habit of putting down thoughts or suggestions under suitable topics. He used to write out abstracts of sermons heard and books read, and to make note of occurrences in daily life, or of historical incidents which could be made to kindle interest or enforce a truth. I do not think that in later life he ever referred to these notes; but his mind had by this time formed the habit of reading and observing with a view

to the educational or moral bearing of what he heard or read or saw, so that he found "sermons in stones." When preparing for any sort of public occasion, he seldom did any writing. He preferred to work over his ideas while walking about, and was in the habit of getting his sentences into shape by repeating them half aloud. As he was moving about the house or in the field, apparently engaged upon some other business, and perhaps making remarks or giving directions regarding it, we would suddenly hear some fragment of a sermon or address, impressively uttered, but producing upon the youthful mind a decidedly incongruous effect.

His talks to children were very likely to be upon moral lines, and in one of his reports he urged teachers to lay stress upon moral training. "'But,' says one, 'I send my child to school to learn arithmetic and grammar, and not to hear preaching.' Very well, but if a child is cruel, selfish, and mean, must it all be overlooked? Will simply reading, writing, and arithmetic make good citizens? May not children excel in these branches and still have bad manners, bad characters, and be bad children generally, and growing worse, too, all the

time? You might as well say that in raising a crop of corn the farmer has nothing to do with the weeds, but only to see that the corn grows. In some schools, and in some children, the weeds are so prominent there is little corn to be seen, and what little there is will never come to anything unless the weeds can be checked."

As regards methods of teaching and the training of teachers, my father was always glad to see a teacher using new methods, if they worked. He was confident that the personality of the teacher was far more important than any devices or special methods. If a new method interested the teacher, well and good; but, as he was wont to say of M. Sauveur and the so-called "natural method," a teacher who put such enthusiasm and unwearied energy into the work would succeed with any method. It was largely because of his own distinctively personal quality as teacher that he looked with disfavor upon any tests which might reduce the value attached to this qualification. In opposition to a proposed law requiring a normal-school training or its equivalent for all teachers in the public schools, he wrote a letter for the *Springfield Republican*, in which he



urged that such a law would shut out many who prove the best teachers, while, on the other hand, "the professional training, however desirable, cannot at best impart all the elements of a good teacher, or the most important elements, such as ability to govern and awaken enthusiasm, tact, skill, and common sense, without which no normal training will be of much account."

His interest in the schools and in the young did not cease with the termination of his official duties. He made occasional visits to the schools in the village and to the academy, up to the year of his death, partly because he thought he might be of some use to the children of the town he loved, and partly because he had an unquenchable interest in young people. He could not be content to belong only to the past. He wanted to live in the present and future as well. And so it was that, up to the very winter before his death, he always had some boy or girl coming to his house more or less frequently to read over hard passages in Latin. The boy or girl conditioned in the entrance examination to the high school was often told, "Come down, and I'll help you," and the hospitable front porch

welcomed a good many at various times for this purpose. Or, in other cases, he would take occasion to call, when in the village, at this or that house, and spend a few moments in reading over the lesson for the next day.

Naturally, his interest in the academy was especially strong. In the winter of 1880-81 he acted as principal in the interim between the departure of a principal and the securing of a successor. "I found it very pleasant," he wrote in his diary, "except when I had a cold — very natural, but a little sad, remembering the past." And of the many expressions of kindness which he had received, I think none touched him more than the thoughtfulness and affection which teachers and pupils of the academy showed in bringing him, on his eighty-eighth birthday, an easy chair.

In connection with his educational work it seems appropriate to notice my father's connection with the library. He was associated as a director from its beginning. He scarcely missed a meeting to the close of his life, and used to relate with great glee how one fellow-director, some fifteen years previously, had said that he thought Mr. Tufts might be able to serve one term more, but scarcely more than

that, as he would not be able to get out in the evening. In the early history of the library, when it occupied quarters in Day's block, my father gave a course of lectures on English history in its reading-room. To aid in the selection of books and to be associated with the body of fellow-citizens which had charge of its affairs, was always a source of great satisfaction.

The library enabled him to satisfy his own taste for reading, and so helped materially to occupy and cheer the later years. He had always been especially interested in history and biography, and a naturally tenacious memory, rendered more retentive by the habit of making notes, already referred to, furnished him with many interesting anecdotes and illustrations for conversation or public speech.

It was to the work of the ministry that my father's early hopes and ambitions had turned, and he was glad to have an occasional opportunity to preach. His sermons were logical, and written with a well-defined plan. In fact the modern tendency to conceal the "skeleton" seemed to him to lead easily into an absence of any organization of the material, and so into what might be a "good talk," but not

a sermon. The same forceful and homely illustrations from common life, which were so frequent in his educational addresses or remarks, were employed in the pulpit. The difference between a sermon and an essay was always insisted upon, and he aimed to make direct appeal to the reason and conscience.

His brief ministerial experience was, however, productive of many lifelong interests and pleasant acquaintanceships. He was a member of the Hampden Association of Ministers, and of the Connecticut Valley Congregational Club. A regular attendant and frequent speaker at both, few faces were more familiar. He took almost a boyish delight in the fact that to the very last he was heard with attention and appreciation, due no doubt in part to the brevity and conciseness of his remarks, and in part also to the quaint humor which often emerged.

In his home church at Monson he was always a regular attendant, not only upon the Sabbath, but upon the midweek prayer meeting, and the minister usually assumed that he must be ill if he was not in his pew. For a number of years he served as superintendent of the Sabbath school, and for many other years as a teacher.

In his theological beliefs he remained conservative, as measured by present standards, although the prevailingly practical character of his temper never permitted him to make prominent the theological subtleties of the early New England orthodoxy. Indeed his criticisms upon modern views were almost always not upon any positive tendency, but upon the leaving out of something which he considered important. The "gospel," to him, meant "salvation by grace," and he was much more inclined to emphasize than to interpret the doctrine. One of his friends relates that, after reading a sermon from the text, "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost," he remarked: "I couldn't see that, according to the sermon, anybody was lost, so there was nothing to save, . . . and there wasn't much Son of man in it, either." He never entered thoroughly into the problems of recent biblical criticism, feeling sure that the fundamentals could not be disturbed, and feeling, too, perhaps, though not definitely so formulating it, that no new restatement of doctrine or new interpretation of the Scriptures could be to him a substitute for the structures into which his own life-values

had been built. And into my father's view of truth entered as a powerful motive the old religious life on Wardsboro Hill, which had given form and language to his first experiences. Only what touched in some way this note could wake the deepest chord. This was reinforced by the religious atmosphere of the college where "those everlasting truths we heard seemed to lie at the foundations of all institutions as of all character." He took much satisfaction in the old hymns and versions of the Psalms, and committed many of them to memory to repeat when awake at night. And after all, when we reflect that the next generation, or at any rate the next century, will outgrow our systems, and look with condescension upon our beginnings in biblical criticism, are we not tempted to think that our present formulations are not, as such, supremely important? We find ourselves in sympathy with Plato, not because we believe in the independent existence of abstract ideas; or with Augustine, not because we accept his formulation of foreordination and freedom; but because we recognize the human spirit seeking to discover and make vital the real values of life and the deepest meaning of experience in the con-

cepts of its own time. My father's experience found interpretation chiefly in the symbols of his earlier life; but it will take more than one generation to determine just how much of that earlier formulation can be omitted and how much must be retained in an adequate view of human life and divine purpose. That the experience which found expression in the theology of that day represented some of the permanent values which enter into the life of the spirit, few sympathetic students of human history would question.

The third great element in the later years was friendship. My father had always liked people, and made friends; but during his later years this side of his life seemed to come into larger and richer significance. He was very fond of making short journeys to Boston or Springfield or New Haven or New York or Amherst, or more rarely to Vermont, to see old friends. When he returned from any gathering, educational, religious, agricultural, or general, the first account rendered was always of those whom he had met. And if by any rare chance he had failed to find any old friend, he almost always had struck up an

acquaintance with someone, and discovered a basis for friendly interchange of thought or reminiscence. It used to be a common remark with us that no one from Vermont could appear with whose ancestry my father was not familiar. The leisure of the later years made it possible to correspond with a large number of friends, and even to make new friendships. For when my father read of the achievement of this or that man, he would frequently remark: "I used to know his father [or other member of the family]; I guess I'll write him a letter."

This liking for people showed itself in the taste for biography, already alluded to. Another characteristic manifestation of it, which every visitor to the Monson home will recall, was the collection of pictures of eminent men which covered one whole wall of the sitting-room. It was a widely representative collection—varying from the "Five Reformers" to Cardinal Newman, from Milton to Carlyle, from Bismarck to Livingstone, from Washington to Charles Sumner; but I have fancied that my father's broadly human interest would have easily found points of contact with nearly all of them.



As he was so fond of meeting and greeting friends, fellow-townspeople, and acquaintances, so he found great pleasure in their kindly appreciation and cordiality. As other men find their chief satisfaction in the consciousness of power over men, or in the organization of a great business, or in the anticipated recognition by posterity of discovery or invention or scholarship, or in elegant appointments, or in public office and honors, my father found his in the cordial word or recognition of friends and others; and while receiving these he forgot the great disappointments of his "crippled life," as he so often called it.

It was, therefore, not a mere passing event—it meant a support, and in a deep sense an evidence that his life had not been in vain—when on several occasions he was given especial proofs of the kindness and esteem of his former pupils, and of his townspeople and other friends. One of these occasions—the twenty-fifth anniversary of his marriage—has been already mentioned. Another occurred in 1883, in connection with a reunion of academy students. At this reunion a large number were present who had been students during my father's principalship—the Rev. Julius Ward,

the president of the alumni, a strong friend of my father and of the academy, whose life-work was cut short by death; Miss Julia Eastman, who contributed the poem; the Rev. C. C. Carpenter, who spoke, and contributed a hymn; the Rev. G. G. Phipps, who brought a song; and many others. In connection with the reunion an oil portrait of my father, painted by Mr. J. Harvey Young, of Boston, was presented to the academy, and now hangs in the chapel with those of Principals Colton and Hammond. An extract from Mr. Carpenter's words in presenting the picture has already been given. It was with very deep and genuine emotion that my father replied, and I think few, even of those who knew him best, suspected how much it meant to him.

"I never thought, indeed, kind friends, to look upon so many of your pleasant, familiar faces again this side of the river; and it has been the crowning joy of my life to greet you here today, looking still so youthful and so well, so full of inspiration and enthusiasm. And I know, too, I look upon the faces of noble men and women who are doing well the work of life; and I bless God for the sight. And may we not hope now that this day will

serve not only to revive pleasant memories, but to give us some new inspiration for the daily duties and trials of life, and an impulse, too, in the higher life we strive to live?"

To one, at least, the day was such an inspiration. The sight of the men and women, the thought of what they were doing, and the consciousness that so many called him teacher and friend, clothed life ever after for him with more of beauty, and softened many a remembered disappointment or present annoyance.

From Miss Eastman's poem, which interpreted so finely and strongly the significance of the day, the following passage referred to my father :

Instructor, Friend, whose face once more  
Beams on us as it beamed of yore,—  
He who has wrought, through lengthening life,  
Brave work amid the battle strife ;  
Caldest in council, loyal, true,  
Keeping one steadfast aim in view ;  
Firm for the right, incisive, strong,  
Granting no quarter to the wrong ;  
Yet swift to greet the lost who fain  
Would seek the Father's house again,—  
The prodigal, whose wanderings o'er,  
Came to himself and God once more ;  
Leaving his stamp on many a one  
Toiling today beneath the sun,  
Our friend who, past the doubts and fears,  
Garners the harvest of the years.

Another occasion which gave expression to the kindness and cordiality of friends was the celebration of my father's eightieth birthday, Nov. 2, 1892. The celebration was held, appropriately, in the academy. A large number of Monson friends, and some relatives from out of town, were present. Mr. and Mrs. Norcross, who have so often voiced in song the joy and grief and hope of Monson, contributed music. The Rev. F. S. Hatch, pastor of the Congregational church, had written to a large number of my father's friends, and their letters were read, and afterward treasured as a legacy of friendship and esteem. A purse of \$260 in gold was presented. This gift, as being an offering of friendship, was regarded as, in a sense, sacred to the ends of friendship, or, at least, as not to be used for the common needs of daily life. It made possible many a journey to visit some friend, and many other comforts and satisfactions that would not have been enjoyed without it.

Nor was the generosity of Monson people exhausted in this expression. Eighteen months later, when, by what was believed to be an entirely accidental substitution of saltpeter for salt, nearly all of a valuable herd of cows were

poisoned, a subscription of \$355 was quickly made up; and the outlook was brighter, not only for the gift, but for the sympathy and generosity which were back of it.

When calling to mind my father's friendships, it seems fitting to notice particularly the democratic, broadly human character of his interests and likings. This was on the whole, perhaps, his most conspicuous characteristic. He had, of course, specially congenial associations with professional friends at home and abroad. Among these were Mr. Hammond, his friend in college, who returned to the academy a few years after my father resigned, and remained as principal until his death, the other principals and teachers of the academy, the four pastors—Kittredge, Sumner, Byington, and Hatch. Numerous friendships dating from college or seminary days were a refreshing influence. But he was by no means limited to these. He liked men and women, boys and girls, and appreciated forceful, intelligent, and sensible characters wherever he found them. When some of the family were one day speaking of the scenery about Monson, he remarked, very characteristically, that he thought more of people than he did

of scenery, and would rather converse than drive. He had not the slightest degree of the "professional" feeling, on which some clergymen or teachers half-unconsciously rely to maintain self-respect in the presence of wealth or power. The college graduate was not thereby invested with any halo for him. His sympathies were continually going out to the boy or girl who could not go to college, or even graduate at the high school. In July, 1899, he wrote two brief articles in encouragement to those who had not been so fortunate as to be among the graduates of the season just then closing, and whose school days were cut short. He reminded them of the increased opportunities now offered through libraries and the press; but, above all, he emphasized the fundamental value of character rather than acquirements.

An article on "Teaching as a Profession," published in the Springfield *Republican* of December 13, 1899, and reprinted with additions in the Palmer *Journal* of January 26, 1900, gave, perhaps, the best expression to this strongly democratic valuation of life. The article was called out by an address in which it was maintained that the occupation of a

teacher ought to be ranked among the "learned professions," in order that teachers might receive recognition and honor not now accorded them. My father's article, in the first place, questioned the alleged fact that teachers are not respected and honored as much as they deserve; in the second place, denied that, if the above were true, it could be remedied by merely calling teaching a profession; and, in the third place, urged that, when the finest and noblest spirit of the age is seeking to serve the public in unobtrusive ways, it is not fitting for teachers to be reaching for honors and distinctions. In support of the first point, the writer appealed to his own experience: "Having had myself considerable experience in teaching, in many places, and in many schools, for seventy years, I can cheerfully say I have uniformly received all the appreciation a reasonable person would care for, as well as the gratitude of both pupils and parents, which is far preferable to any noisy applause. And I think the same is true of teachers generally."

Some might, perhaps, object that my father's experience had been exceptional. There are conditions in the cities and in the larger, as

well as the smaller, institutions which do not tend toward the dignity and due recognition of educational work. But upon the second point—the remedy proposed—I think there can be little question of the soundness of the following: “But, admitting teachers do not, as a class, receive so much recognition or honor as they deserve—what then? Would their condition be improved by having their names enrolled among ‘the great professions of the world’? How is it in these great professions? Do men always receive all the honor they deserve? Do they receive honor simply for their profession, or rather for their character and their work? Clergymen in New England formerly received much honor as clergymen; but that day is past, while clergymen still receive honor and respect as men, for what they are, and what they do, as sensible, unselfish, earnest Christian teachers and guides, which is quite as well for clergymen and people, too. The clergymen who look to their profession rather than to their character and their work for recognition in this day are to be pitied, and so are teachers. Able lawyers, too, receive honor, but very little simply as lawyers, but according as they are learned and useful men,



seeking the welfare of the people and the state. So of physicians. They do not at all depend on their profession or their diploma to give them success, but upon their skill in practice and an unselfish, honorable life.

"It is late in the day to be encouraging teachers to look to their profession rather than to their work for recognition. Those who do so will as surely be disappointed as is the doctor, or lawyer, or clergyman who looks to his profession for recognition rather than to his character and his work. If your character and your work do not commend you, what can your profession, if you have one, do for you? You must go begging, as many do.

"There is, too, something unreasonable, if not absurd, in this appeal to teachers to strive for outward honor by belonging to a profession to be established, as if this would add anything to their character or ability. The calling of teachers, at the North especially, is of itself respectable anyway, and the standing of the teacher in his calling must depend on himself, what he is, and what he can do. Simply belonging to a profession will not make the weak teacher strong, nor the simple teacher wise or successful, any more than belonging

to the profession of a clergyman will make an unwise clergyman wise or a weak clergyman strong. Teachers must be content to be judged, as other people are, for what they are and what they can do. The weak will be weak and the strong will be strong just the same, whether they belong to a profession, so called, or not. As the witty poet tells us :

Pyramids are pyramids, though sunk in vales,  
And pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on Alps.

If pigmy lawyers, pigmy doctors or clergymen could become large and strong merely by belonging to a profession, it would be a nice thing; but, as this cannot be, the pigmies must remain pigmies still, and pigmy teachers, if there are such, must remain pigmies, whether they belong to a profession or not, except perhaps the profession, the being 'perched on Alps,' would make their weakness more conspicuous."

On the third point he said :

"For teachers to be reaching out for extra honors seems needless, and hardly in accord with the spirit of the times, where so many of the best-educated ladies of culture and refinement, with little or no compensation, are devoting their lives quietly and patiently to the

education and improvement of the poor in our cities, to say nothing of so many missionaries who leave all in their native land to spend their lives among the heathen. The good and great work which our teachers are silently accomplishing in our schools is so generally recognized by the people whose good-will is desirable that teachers may well rejoice in this silent approval and unheralded praise of their patient services, having no need to go into any scramble for higher or outside honors, which are so uncertain, capricious, and unsatisfying, as those who receive them will testify."

It was a great satisfaction to my father that both bodily and mental vigor remained practically unimpaired until his last brief illness. Until the connection of Monson with Palmer by an electric road was effected, three or four years before his death, he would not infrequently walk from Palmer, a distance of four miles. He would run to catch a train or to keep someone from waiting. A striking evidence of this general health and strength was afforded by the rapidity with which his wounds healed after the assault made upon him September 26, 1896, when he was nearly eighty-

five years old. He had nearly reached his house, at about half-past seven o'clock in the evening, on his return from a trip to Boston, when he was assaulted by someone from the rear. Several blows were struck on the head with some heavy weapon which cut the scalp severely and made him fall to the ground. The aim was doubtless robbery, and this, as well as the regard in which my father was held in Monson, made it probable that some tramp had made the attack. In view of the severity of the blows and the general shock, we were very agreeably surprised to see the rapidity with which the effects passed away. It seemed to some of us, however, that after this there was a slight affection, not so much of the physical organ of hearing as of the mental response. It showed itself in a certain degree of slowness in "catching the drift," if a new topic was introduced, or an unfamiliar name spoken.

This did not interfere with conversation, or with the enjoyment of public discourse. Visits to friends and gatherings of various sorts were continued to the last winter. At the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation he had been asked to speak to the alumni at Yale, and he

had been one of the very few present in 1898 at the sixtieth. In June, 1900, Burr Seminary at Manchester, Vt., where he studied and taught, had an important celebration, and my father was urged to attend. He was suffering at the time from an attack of eczema, which made him hesitate about starting, and interfered somewhat with his enjoyment of the occasion, but he was much delighted at the surprise he was able to give, both by his physical vigor and by his speech at the reunion, "when," as he wrote, "they were expecting to see only a feeble old man."

In writing, as well as in travel and occasional speaking in public, there was no indication of infirmity. Several articles on educational, religious, and political subjects were contributed to the press. In politics, as might be expected from a son of Vermont, my father had been successively Whig, Anti-Slavery, and Republican of pronounced type. He had also been deeply interested in foreign missions. But he was unable to agree that conquests by force of arms are to be hailed with acclamation as the most effective means of carrying the gospel. His long experience had led him to distrust the value of seeming victories for a

principle won by force, and to distrust all externals in comparison with the moral appeal to character. In an article on "Imperialism in the Pulpit" he deprecated the utterances which seemed to him of at best very dubious propriety, and which seemed likely to divert from the simple and fundamental teachings of Christ. Another article, written not long before his death, on "Teaching as a Profession," which seems to me in many respects the best my father ever wrote, has already been referred to.

As he grew older, he clung with greater attachment to the house where so many years had been spent. The suggestion was often made that he might sell the farm and be rid of the inevitable vexations and responsibilities attending its care. But he used to say, "I don't believe I should live long, if I should break up here;" and it was probably better that he could stay. It was also a source of satisfaction in the last years that the family could be together in Monson in the summer. The two grandchildren, born in 1893 and 1895 (Irene and James Warren), of whom the younger bore his name, were often taken for drives and to the blacksmith shop, and, with a

genuine appreciation of the superior values of the country and of grandparents, inquired plaintively: "Why do we have to go to Chicago every winter?"

There was evident mellowing and ripening during the last few years; a greater tolerance for others' views, a greater recognition of the fallibility of human judgment, a disposition to place a lower estimate on the importance of measures or theories, in comparison with the more fundamental value of sympathy and of character. "I let it all be," came to be a frequent expression with reference to petty causes of vexation which would once have seemed more important.

The last winter showed signs of failing memory for recent names, but still there was little sign of general infirmity. On the day following his eighty-eighth birthday he went up into the woods on his farm with the oxen and cart, and got a load of bark and chips, unaided. "The oxen are so spry and fast one has to be wide awake to keep up with them."

As has already been noted, this birthday, the last of his life, was the occasion of a gift from the teachers and scholars of the academy. Mr. Butterworth, the principal, with a number

of the scholars grouped around, presented a spacious, comfortable chair, and spoke, in a manner which seemed to my father "beautiful and appropriate," of the latter's relation to education and to the academy. That boys and girls representing the third generation of Monson pupils and friends should "remember an old man" was particularly gratifying to him. It was in the academy that he found his opportunity. It was a gracious and beautiful thing that his last birthday should be remembered by the representatives of the institution.

The final illness began in a sudden attack of jaundice, March 18. After a week there seemed to be considerable improvement, so that during my vacation, which fell in the last week of March, my father walked to the village, and conversed with great interest concerning his early life and later experience. On Sunday, the 31st, he attended church service for the last time, and began after that to grow gradually worse, although he went down to the village, and the physicians did not apprehend a fatal termination to the disease. It was not until Friday, April 26, that he ceased to come downstairs. He suffered little except the general discomfort. Strength failed fast on



Sunday. On Monday morning he heard and seemingly appreciated a letter which was read to him. A half-hour later, with no warning, he fell peacefully asleep.

The Rev. F. S. Hatch, who had for several years been pastor of the Congregational church, and a highly valued friend, had resigned his pastorate early in the winter to enter upon work in India. Thinking of this, shortly before his death, my father had expressed the desire that the Rev. E. H. Byington, of Newton Centre, who had preceded Mr. Hatch at Monson, and the Rev. Edward A. Reed, of Holyoke, with whom he had long been associated in the Hampden Association of Ministers, should be asked to conduct the funeral services. Both these friends were able to be present. Mr. Byington read from the Scriptures and offered prayer at the house. The main services were held in the church, which was filled with the people of the town and of neighboring towns, the academy students attending in a body. Mr. Byington spoke especially of my father's work as a teacher. The speaker himself died suddenly, scarcely a fortnight later, and hence it is not possible to reproduce his discriminating and thoughtful words. The sympha-

thetic appreciation by Mr. Reed is printed at the close of this sketch. "Rock of Ages" and other favorite hymns were sung by Mr. and Mrs. Norcross, and in the "I know that my Redeemer liveth," sung by Mrs. Norcross, there was, to one who knew my father's inner life, a deep-sounding chord of unison with his experience. For, as with Job, external losses, especially of health, had been the occasion of inner disappointment, perplexity, and struggle; and, in spite of the seeming frustration of aims and hope, confidence in God had remained to preserve and support the deeper life of the spirit. The funeral march from Chopin, that day at least, told softly, yet majestically, the story of a life in which time had now ceased and only the eternal remained—of a life simple and dignified, striving with various forces seeking expression, then rising to serenity and strength. Six friends—Dr. Fuller, Mr. E. F. Morris, Mr. F. E. Morris, Mr. Rufus Cushman, Mr. L. C. Flynt, and Mr. G. C. Flynt—laid the body to rest upon the hillside, on a beautiful afternoon, the first of May.

The last long letter which I had received was written on his eighty-eighth birthday. It seems to express so well my father's last

thoughts and valuations that I reproduce some of it here :

"It is a mild, summer-like day for my eighty-eighth birthday, and we have been sitting on the piazza this forenoon, as in September, receiving also some birthday greetings of those passing by.

"It seems a long time to look back upon, and also a short time, since I was a boy in the old homestead at Wardsboro, where so many were entertained for so many years, of the family and others, too. As I look back over my life, so crippled, being cut off from larger fields of usefulness, I have endeavored to do small work, especially among the young, though it has not brought me in much income. But I have *lived* here, and we have entertained much company, and I have much to be thankful for. I have been reading a sermon by McKenzie on 'Illusions.' He says his life has been fortunate and happy, but not according to his dreams or hopes or plans. 'I am glad that life was not made after any pattern of mine, but after God's design. I had a pattern once, but not this.' And so most of us might say. I was a strong man, and had high hopes, yet few were so entirely disappointed

as I was. But I look back on many mercies and compensations, as I am now about through.

"I notice of late my pulse is weaker and more irregular, reminding me the end is near. I shall not pass many more milestones in my pilgrimage. I enjoy very much witnessing the great on-go of life around us, and, above all, of the kingdom of Christ, which is sure to come."

## SONG OF THE RIPENED YEARS.

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TO THE REV. JAMES TUFTS, ON THE HAPPY ANNIVERSARY OF HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1893. WITH LOVE AND GRATITUDE FROM A PUPIL OF 1857, GEORGE G. PHIPPS.

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Four-score of gladsome years  
We count tonight,  
Ripe with both joys and tears,  
With love and light ;  
Years blest with heartfelt peace,  
Years rich in soul increase,  
Sweet years, whose hopes ne'er cease,  
Nor memories blight.

Dear father, here we press  
Around thy feet ;  
Gathered, with fond caress  
Thy birthday greet ;  
While soft our hearts recall  
Departed faces, — all ;  
With ours, their blessings fall  
Upon thee, sweet.

What then, tho' locks turn gray,  
Love ne'er grows old ;  
Though cares and trials sway,  
Faith's cables hold.  
In purple splendors bright,  
Life's sun but sinks from sight  
To blend with heaven's own light  
Its clouds of gold.

AT the funeral services, held May 1, the Rev. Edward Allen Reed spoke substantially as follows :

“ My friends: I consider it a privilege to be here today, and to have some part in these services, these expressions of reverence and affection for the good man who has gone from us. We called him ‘ Father Tufts,’ and I can truly say that he was like a father to me — greeting me frankly and warmly when I first came into our Hampden conference thirty years ago, and greeting me just as warmly when I returned after an absence of some years. The news of his death brought to me a sense of personal loss, a feeling of real sadness, that at our association, our conference, the Congregational Club, and other gatherings where we had so often enjoyed his fellowship, we should see his face no more. When it was told me that it was our friend’s desire that I should take part in these services, I felt honored and humbled — honored to be thus remembered, and humbled at the thought of my own unworthiness and inability to speak of him as he deserves to be spoken of, to express the feelings of our hearts. Let me refer

briefly to some of the qualities which distinguished our friend, which, I am sure, were vividly impressed upon all who came into any close personal contact with him.

“First, *sincerity*. We always felt, in all our intercourse with Father Tufts, that we were dealing with a perfectly transparent man — one who had nothing to conceal, who was absolutely truthful. We could give him our confidence without the least fear. This sincerity seemed a part of his personality. You felt it in the grasp of his hand, you saw it in the expression of his face, and recognized it in the tones of his voice. Whether he agreed with you or not, you knew where he stood. He was no time server, but every inch a man — frank, open, courageous.

“And this sincerity, which appeared in every part of his daily life, was conspicuous in his religious experience, and the expression of his convictions and hopes. His faith in Christ was childlike in its simplicity, warmth, and completeness. He loved the Bible, and nothing in our discussions and various exercises pleased him more and aroused him to most clear and forceful speech than some fresh, reverent exegesis of the holy Scriptures.

“Another characteristic of Mr. Tufts, exhibited during all of my acquaintance with him up to the very last, was what I shall call *intellectual vigor*. He never ceased to think, to study, to learn. He was deeply interested in all educational and theological questions; I may say, in all questions affecting the welfare of society. His conversation was always instructive, edifying. He was one of the most stimulating and acceptable speakers ever heard at our ministerial gatherings and conferences. He never could be induced to speak unless he had something to say. His remarks were fresh, original, and forceful, and he had a vein of quiet humor which was simply delightful. Mr. Tufts was naturally conservative in his disposition and views, and nothing could move him from those fundamental truths and principles which he had accepted after patient study, and which had been often verified in his own experience; but he never shut his eyes to new light, nor refused to treat courteously and candidly opinions which seemed opposed to what he believed to be the truth. He welcomed all truth with rare hospitality. Men grow old when they cease to learn; but it is possible for the soul to keep its



youth, and we shall remember him as youthful and progressive to the end.

“Let me speak of one more trait of this good man’s character to which you will all bear witness, his *kindliness of heart*. We sometimes meet, in men of strong intellectual power, a lack of sympathy and a cold exterior which repels us. Father Tufts had a winning personality. You felt drawn to him at once. Young people were not afraid of him. As we look over this large congregation today we see many young people, and we know why they are here. They are here to show their respect and affection for one who actually loved them and ever sought to do them good; who never lost sympathy with youth nor judged it harshly.

“He was active in the work of this church, ever rejoicing in the conversion of souls and the power of the kingdom of God. My friends, I feel how inadequate these poor words are, but they are honest words. We have listened to the blessed words of the Scriptures, which tell us of the glorious resurrection and the life eternal. I trust that we believe these words, that we believe that the Lord Jesus meant precisely what he said when he told us that he went to prepare a place for us, that he would

come again, and receive us unto himself. We believe that the one whom we knew, and honored, and loved here is now with the Savior whom he loved and worshiped — that he has entered into the paradise of God. Let us be grateful for such a life. Let us keep in sympathy with those who have gone before us in the faith and fellowship of the gospel."

At the annual meeting of the Monson Congregational church Mr. Edward F. Morris read the following memorial :

"To know something of the personality of good women and good men constitutes an important part of our goodly heritage. We remember those whose acquaintance we have come to value, whose uniform optimism, faith, and zeal have been to us hope, joy, and inspiration. In time of discouragement to take the hopeful view ; in time of weakness to know the source of strength ; in time of darkness to see the coming light ; in time of doubt to stand on sure and confident foundations, has been characteristic of many of the saints of God. The ability to do this has been realized through his abounding grace, and we join them in ascribing to him the glory.

"In that spiritual commonwealth for which we look, the tabernacle of God shall be with men, and He shall dwell among them, a social condition of such high perfection as to exceed our present comprehension ; but we attain some perception of what it might imply in association with strong, aggressive character, formed after his pattern, devoted to his service, liv-

ing here a life of exuberant faith and love. Notwithstanding all the imperfections and frailties of the best examples of Christian discipleship, we offer the fervid petition, 'Make us to be numbered with thy saints in glory everlasting.' They are truly blessed, resting from their labors, and their works following them.

"Reflections such as these spring up spontaneously within us, as we affectionately and thankfully remember our highly esteemed and well-beloved brother and father, the Rev. James Tufts, who passed on from the church militant to that triumphant, April 29, 1901. For nearly fifty years a resident of this community, during thirty-eight of which he was a member of this church; for a long time a member of its advisory committee; for some years superintendent of its Bible school, frequently called upon to do ministerial and pastoral service for our people; for seven years principal of Monson Academy, and for many more an enthusiastic and efficient instructor of youth; for a long time identified with our public schools, whose fame as an educator was known throughout our state, whose sympathetic interest in young people continued until his latest years, who was a painstaking servant of our public

library, who lived with our fathers and with us so sympathetically and usefully, who became old so slowly, and who passed on so triumphantly—as to all of these considerations the limits of this memorial do not allow extended allusions. When informed of his decease, there came to mind words spoken thirty centuries ago, ‘Know ye not that there is a Prince and great man fallen this day in Israel?’

“It was as a Christian teacher that our brother excelled. He aimed to prepare his pupils well for expected courses of higher education, but especially for their life-work. Greatly interested in their intellectual accomplishments, their character was the object of his deepest solicitude. They can never forget his earnest words, public and private, by which he sought to turn their feet into ways of wisdom and paths of understanding. The breadth of his sympathy was the secret of his power. The loss to this church and community is great; but, if it were less, his memory would be less precious.

“It is better, since ‘It is God’s way, His will be done,’ that our brother has departed to be with Christ, and with so many whom he loved and served on their earthly pilgrimage.”

## BY THE HAMPDEN ASSOCIATION OF MINISTERS.

THE members of Hampden Association desire to express their sense of loss in the death of its most aged and venerable member, the Rev. James Tufts. He united with Hampden East Association February 2, 1854. He died at his home April 29, of the current year.

Although ordained to the ministry, and for a few years devoting himself to preaching the gospel, he early felt that he could best serve the Master as a teacher of youth, and to this vocation he chiefly gave his life. His honest and sincere nature, his great kindness of heart, his warm-hearted and devout Christian character, engaged the esteem, the confidence, and the affection of all who knew him. Although living to reach the age of nearly four-score and ten years, he retained his faculties of body and mind, and until the near close of his life was physically and mentally vigorous in an eminent degree. Many prominent men who came under his influence as their instructor testify to his great excellence and worth, and his brethren in the ministry appreciated and

will long cherish his wisdom, his loyalty to the truth, and his genuine and humble piety.

The Association desires to express the sympathy of his brethren with the family of the deceased brother, while grateful for his long and active life, for the influence which he was permitted to exert on the minds and hearts of so many in their early days, and for his noble record of usefulness, which will long remain as a precious memorial.

Passed by Hampden Association of Congregational Ministers, July 9, 1901.

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